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Artists' Ideals "CHILD BEAUTY"

With Nine Duotone Illustrations

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W. Heath Robinson and His Work

Some Queer Inventions Musical Jokes

An Inquisition In Leather

Some Much-Discussed Puzzles

The House of Arden Curiosities

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"A SILENT GREETING."

By SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

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SEVEN FAMOUS PAINTINGS.



HERE is one canvas in the Tate Gallery in London which, however few the visitors, is sure of homage. It is a striking example of the skill of the master who painted it. A warrior accoutred in Roman armour is placing a bunch of red roses in the lap of a lady who has fallen asleep over her work. In the background a slave girl falls back in half-transparent draperies, revealing a glimpse of a sunlit court and a blue sky.

"I borrowed, at the suggestion of a literary friend," writes Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema to *THE STRAND*, "Goethe's beautiful lines for the title of this picture, 'A Silent Greeting.' I chose them because they

of me in 1885, and which remained in Amy Lady Tate's private collection. That picture has the title of 'A Foregone Conclusion.' This title," continues Sir Lawrence, "is the same as Mr. W. D. Howells gave to one of his charming Venetian novels, and which he allowed me to make use of for my picture."

Everyone in the art world knows the care which Sir Lawrence bestows on his canvases. He is not only a master of colour and technique, but he is an archæologist deeply versed in the costume, manners, and customs of the ancient Roman world. It has been stated, apparently on authority, that for this picture Lady Alma-Tadema posed as the heroine; but we have the authority



"HER MOTHER'S VOICE."

By W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 14, East 23d Street, New York. Copyright, 1897, by Photographische Gesellschaft.)

explained the subject of the picture so thoroughly. It was painted for my friend, Sir Henry Tate, in the year 1889, and I repainted it in 1891. At his request it was to be the fellow to a picture which he bought

of the painter that this is not the case. "Lady Alma-Tadema," he writes, "sat for very few of my pictures, and certainly not for the 'Silent Greeting.'"

When "Her Mother's Voice" was first

sent for exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1888, the painter, Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., accompanied it with these lines :—

But, O ! for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still. ²⁸⁷

Afterwards it was pointed out to him that this beautiful couplet of Tennyson's had been repeatedly used before, and thereupon he substituted two other lines, as follows :—

Upon his widowed heart it falls,
Echoing a hallowed tune.

Here we see an elderly figure seated in an arm-chair, while his daughter is singing at the

moonlight," but not till early in 1872 was the picture painted.

Of a totally different character to any of the foregoing is Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt's charming picture, "Love Locked Out." Love is here shown as a young boy pushing at a golden door locked against him. It is interesting to note that the original of the figure was not a boy but a girl, the daughter of a professional model. The picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890, and was that year purchased out of the Chantrey Fund.



"THE SUMMER MOON."

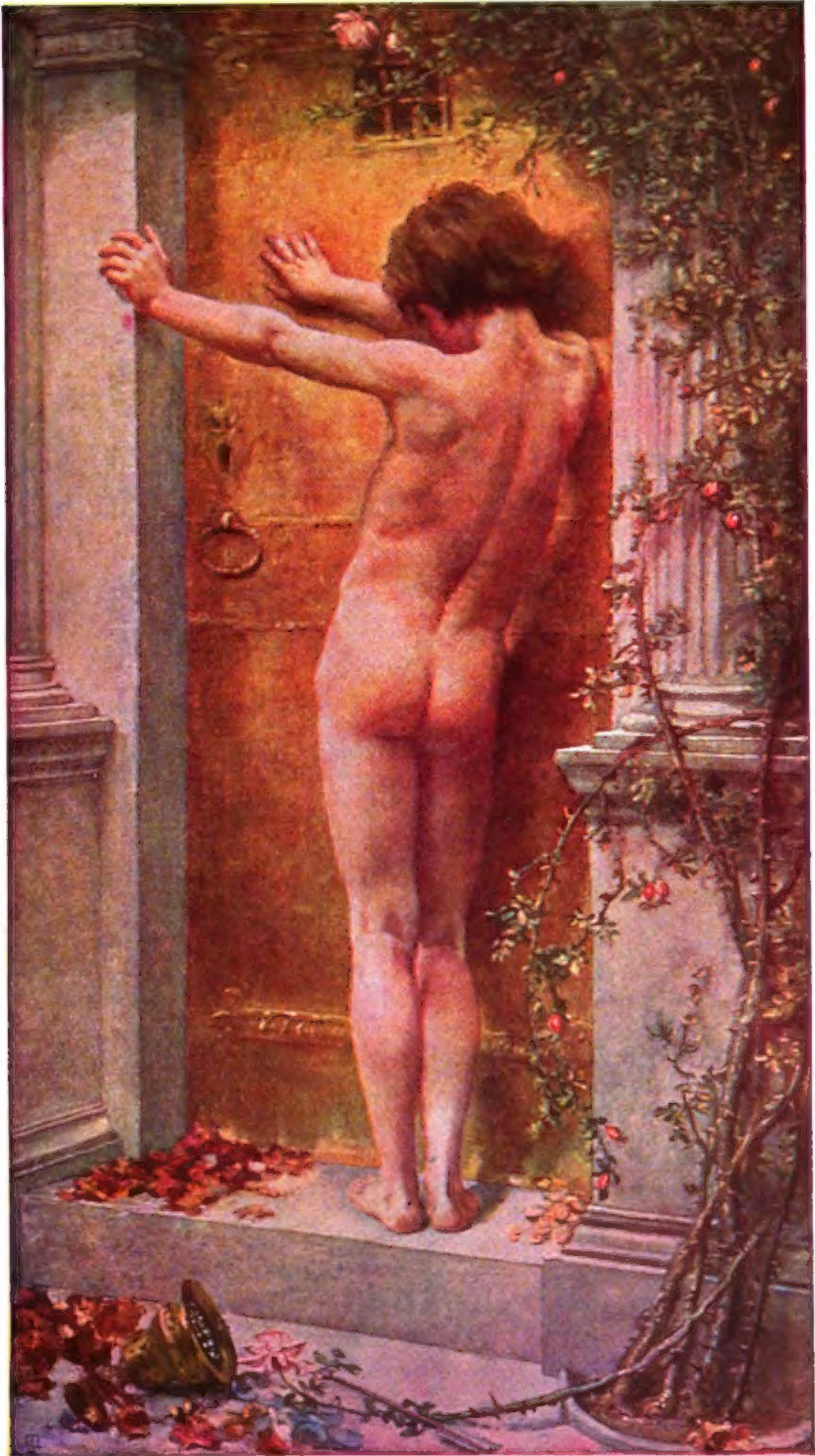
By LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

(By permission of P. and D. Colnaghi & Co., owners of the copyright.)

piano. A newspaper lies open upon his knees, and he listens with a rapt expression to her singing. Age has not banished the vivid memories of the past when a voice like his daughter's thrilled him, and he turned lovingly the leaves of her music even as the young girl's lover turns them now.

The idea of painting a picture with the title of "The Summer Moon" occurred to Lord Leighton as far back as 1867. "I wanted," he said, long afterwards, "to paint two or three young women asleep in the

It is now more than thirty-two years since Sir John Millais exhibited his famous "The North-West Passage" at the Royal Academy. It has ever remained one of his most popular pictures. A weather-beaten old mariner is seated in a parlour with the window looking out upon the ocean. Beside him sits his daughter, robed in white, reading out some stirring narration of the search for the North-West Passage. Close at hand is a large chart of the Polar regions and the log-books of former voyages. "It might be done," he



"LOVE LOCKED OUT"

By ANNA LEA MERRITT



"THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE."

By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

is saying, with knitted brow, "and England should do it."

It is well known that the model for this sturdy old sea-dog was none other than Trelawny, the friend and companion of Byron and Shelley, and author of the diverting "Adventures of a Younger Son." Trelawny in his old age became a great advocate of total abstinence. When, therefore, the picture was finished, he was greatly scandalized to discover that, on the table beside the telescope, Millais had painted a stiff glass of grog.

As regards the next picture herewith reproduced, the painter, Mr. William Frederick Yeames, R.A., writes:—

"Sir Walter Scott's description of the death of Amy Robsart in his novel of 'Kenilworth' must have impressed most people and artists as especially suited for a picture. With this subject in my mind, it was on visiting one day the Palais du Cluny at Paris that I saw a staircase running up into gloom that struck me as a fitting place for the tragedy, and at once determined me to attempt the picture. Strange to say that after rubbing in the

picture I visited the Palais du Cluny with the intention of making a study of the staircase, but, to my surprise, it had no longer the fascination of the preceding visit, and could be of no assistance. Whilst working on the picture I moulded the figure of Amy Robsart sufficiently large to cast wet drapery on it, and placed it in a room built up to scale in order to obtain the proper light on the figure."

The passage in "Kenilworth" to which the painter refers is as follows:—

"In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the courtyard, and then a signal similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal; the instant after the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way.

"There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

"Look down into the vault; what seest thou?"

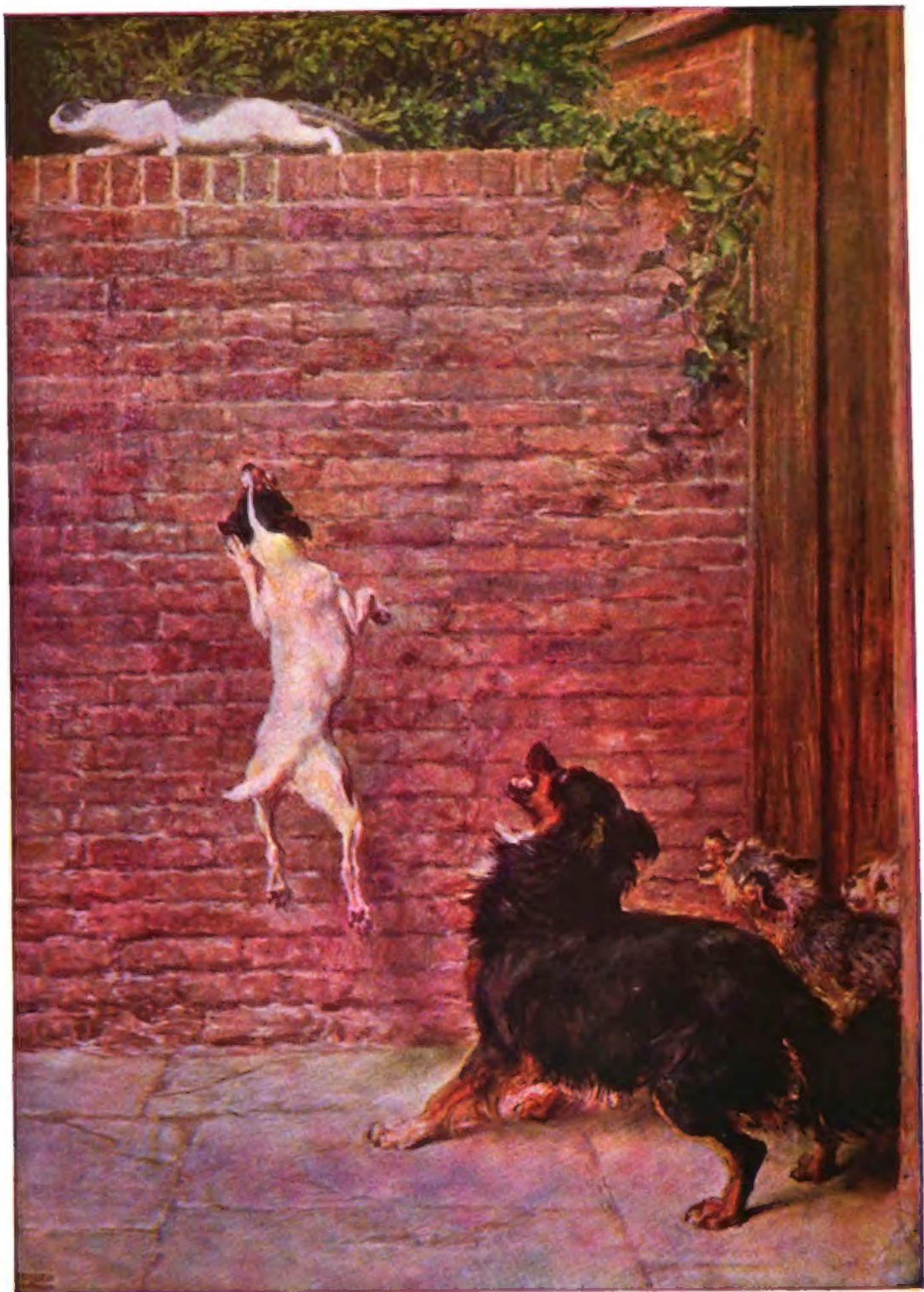
"I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snowdrift."

An exciting but sufficiently familiar incident is that depicted in Mr. Briton Rivière's "A



"AMY ROBSART."

By W. F. YEAMES, R.A.



"A BLOCKADE RUNNER."

By BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 14, East 23d Street, New York. Copyright, 1898, by Photographische Gesellschaft.)

Blockade Runner." "I do not remember," writes Mr. Briton Rivière, "whether the leaping terrier was painted from one of my own dogs, but I rather think it was.

It represents one of those moments of dog-and-cat tension of which the London gardens furnish so many instances, and which have always greatly amused me."

Great English Painters

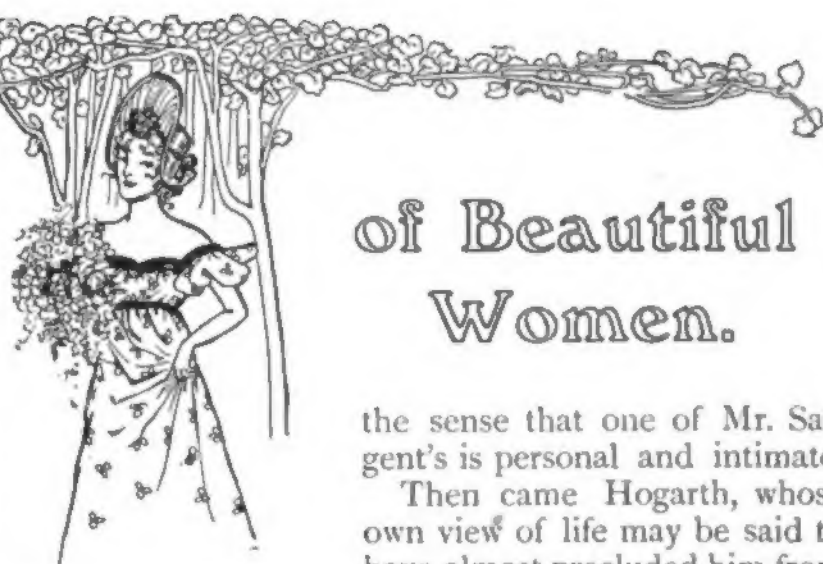
of Beautiful Women.



ALTHOUGH in the galaxy of great British painters of the eighteenth century we find each follow-

ing his own ideal of female beauty, yet they were curiously trammelled by those conventions which make Lely's portraits seem replicas of each other. It cannot be denied that they differed profoundly in one respect from their predecessors. If you will look at the works of the great Continental masters in our galleries you will see how they avoid intimate portraits of women. Their portraits are almost as impersonal as the lineaments sculptured by the Greeks. Their Madonnas and Venuses are types—that is all. We cannot believe that they ever had a real existence. When intense character and individuality appear upon the canvas, it is nearly always the face of a man. It would appear as if the Old Masters reserved all their penetration and dexterity for the portraits of men. They shrank from revealing the soul of a pretty woman on canvas. They loved to paint Woman, but not women. Of course, it may be urged that a great subject-painter never sees a woman, save in the abstract. The features of every chance model become transfigured and adapted to his own ideal. In our own day Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti each painted one type of woman. But they were not portrait-painters, and the portraits which they attempted of women were apt to be far more influenced by the painter's temperament than the portraits of men.

If we regard Holbein's portraits of the British aristocracy three centuries ago we shall conclude that there were no beautiful women then moving in that class. Holbein never drew a beautiful woman—not because they did not then exist, but because it was impossible for him to paint them. Lely, who set the fashion in painting portraits of women, relied too much on the conventions and on his Royal patron's well-known predilections for a certain form of beauty. It cannot conscientiously be said that any of Lely's portraits are personal and intimate in



the sense that one of Mr. Sargent's is personal and intimate.

Then came Hogarth, whose own view of life may be said to have almost precluded him from viewing the more noble and radiant qualities of womanhood. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to us the first English painter who really sought to give an intimate character to his portraits of beautiful women. Hogarth was full of character, but the character inherent in female beauty baffled him.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the relations between limner and sitter were often not such as favoured the utmost fidelity in portraiture work as regards the figure. The aristocratic patron was haughty, brief, and elusive. Sittings were few and short, and the costume, details, and accessories had to be filled up from the painter's imagination. The classic poses of Sir Joshua Reynolds's high-born ladies could never have been sustained for half an hour by his sitters. Nor did the prices then paid for portraits admit of too much absorption in detail. The hands were frequently the work of inferior artists. The draperies were painted in by so-called drapery-painters. Romney mentions that these drapery-painters were able to make as much as five or six hundred pounds a year. To the fashionable portrait-painter, therefore, who had to earn a decent livelihood, genius was indispensable—the genius of seizing instantly upon character and transcribing it in pigments as expeditiously as possible.

In Sir Joshua's indisputable masterpiece of female portraiture, the "Nelly O'Brien," these conditions were different. It was a labour of love, and he must have turned to his subject with heartfelt relief from the throngs of powdered, overdressed patricians whose carriages already blocked the square in front of his studio. In this portrait he could entirely break away from convention as to pose and costume. With Mistress O'Brien he could work at his ease. The relations between poets and painters and the irresponsible comedienues of the town differed in Sir Joshua's day from our own. We cannot,

except by a stretch of the imagination, picture Mr. Swinburne strolling down the Strand with Miss Flossie Fairweather of the Gaiety Theatre any more than we can conjure up Mr. Watts or Sir Edward Burne-Jones lunching joyously with a principal boy of the pantomime. For of such was Mistress Nelly; and yet she and Sir Joshua were on very good terms indeed, and she would sit patiently and obediently through many more sittings than her more aristocratic sisters would have found time to bestow upon the clever Leicester Square limner. That is the reason why the portrait of Nelly O'Brien, now in the Wallace Collection, represents Reynolds's high-water mark as a painter of women. If the picture had been painted in 1780 instead of 1761 we should unhesitatingly say that it was suggested by Rubens's portrait of his wife, the picture which bears the title of "Chapeau de Paille." But Reynolds had not then seen this striking portrait of a woman by the great Flemish master. When he did see it he thought portions of it were "shockingly drawn," but it impressed him. It is one of the few live female portraits of this age—youth in flesh and blood.

But without attempting to compare these two pictures, Reynolds's picture has more *espièglerie*, more intelligence, more intimacy.

With Mrs. Braddyll's portrait, on the other hand, the beholder is held far more aloof. Sir Joshua's opinion was that Mrs. Braddyll was a beautiful woman, but he treated her as he treated a hundred other beautiful women who came to have their faces limned at so many guineas a head. He put her on canvas with dignity and restraint, and with that largeness of style which is peculiarly his own, but there is none of the sprightliness, of the vivacity, that distinguishes the "Nelly O'Brien." Mrs. Braddyll was of a heavier type, and if she had her spirited moments the painter had no time to discover and immortalize a more felicitous mood.

The name of George Romney will ever be conjoined to that of Amy Lyon, *alias* Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton. The beauty of this famous adventuress was not for the brush of Romney alone; but if you will study the portraits of Lady Hamilton by other painters you will see in those by Romney a quality of beauty which they never did and never could attain. Lady Hamilton was beautiful in herself, but had Lely painted her, or even Hoppner, the world would have lacked that fleeting, Ariel-like charm which appears in Romney's canvases, seized upon and immortalized because Romney was himself intoxi-

cated and carried away by the revelation of this spirit in his sitter.

But whether animated or in repose Romney's family portraits always have the qualities we have suggested. Nothing could be more graceful and easy than the portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie. This lady, a banker's wife, living in Duke Street, Bloomsbury, is shown seated on a terrace dressed in simple white muslin bound by a crimson silk sash; one arm leans on a stone balustrade, her hands are shown on her lap. It is difficult to say whether it is in the eyes or the mouth that the charm of the expression lies, but it is there to a degree that you will not find in any of the pictures of either Reynolds or Gainsborough. It is the same charm which pervades the works of Correggio. Garrick once said to Reynolds:—

"Cumberland hates you, Sir Joshua, because you do not admire the painter whom he considers a modern Correggio."

"Who is that?" asked Sir Joshua.

"Why, his Correggio," answered Garrick, "is George Romney."

Lady Hamilton, it may well be, was never really the kind of woman, physically speaking, that she appears to us in the various portraits by Romney. She may have been, as Rogers described her, large and statuesque—there she seems dainty and *spirituelle*; she had by fits the airs of Ariel, and these the admiring painter caught and imprisoned on his canvas for all time.

Many moods had Mistress Emma, and Romney caught them all. Sometimes she is arch and smiling as in the *Bacchante*, at others she is sweet and demure as in the *Sempstress*, or regal and glowing as in the *Circe*.

Of her many anecdotes are related, not always, it must be confessed, to her credit. After several years of profligacy and dissolute living in London she married, in 1791, Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples. In Italy she soon became a great social power, and her marvellous beauty and undoubted accomplishments caused artists, poets, and musicians to rave about her. Moreover, she became the intimate friend and confidante of Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples and sister of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and, it is said, played no small part in the political affairs of the country.

In 1784 Sir William Hamilton, referring to his future wife, remarked: "She is better than anything in Nature. In her particular way she is finer than anything to be found in antique art." Twelve years later she would



"NELLIE O'BRIEN."

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

appear to have altered considerably, for in November, 1796, Sir Gilbert Elliott wrote: "Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful."

She died in comparative penury at Calais in 1815, just ten years after the death of Nelson, whose romantic attachment to her is so well known.

The facility for capturing and revealing the *esprit*—there is no English equiva-

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lent—in a woman is well shown, though more subtly, in the portrait of Lady Craven. Two copies of this portrait were painted—one for General Smith and the other for Horace Walpole, who wrote the following lines in its honour:—

Full many an artist has on canvas fix'd
All charms that Nature's pencil ever mix'd—
The witchery of Eyes, the Grace that tips
The inexpressible *douceur* of Lips.
Romney alone in this fair image caught
Each Charm's expression and each Feature's thought;
And shows how in their sweet assemblage sit
Taste, Spirit, Softness, Sentiment, and Wit.



"MRS. BRADDYLL."

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Lady Craven was a daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and married as her second husband, thirteen years after the portrait we give was painted, Christian Frederick, the Margrave of Anspach. She died at Naples in 1828.

In John Hoppner we have the forerunner of Lawrence and the disciple of Romney. There is nothing impassioned about Hoppner, nor does he ever seek in his portraits of women after that joyous loveliness and liveliness which transcend physical symmetry and excel it. It is not a mere accident that many beautiful women appear

on the canvases of a single painter as if he were luckier than his fellow-craftsmen in his sitters. It was Hoppner's task, by reason of his temperament, to remould the beauty before him into a shape more consonant with his own partialities. This "shape" was, of course, not physical, although even here we note a rounding of undoubted angularities and the moulding of lines. Hoppner was a colourist. He painted women as he saw them, but his women have none of the subtlety and magic that the eye of Gainsborough discerned, or the sensual splendour



"MRS. MARK CURRIE."

By ROMNEY.



LADY CLAVEN

BY ROMNEY

which Romney adored in Lady Hamilton. An excellent example of his work is reproduced in the portrait we give of Mary Countess of Oxford.

She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Scott, and wife of the fifth Earl. The portrait, which is life-size, was painted in 1797 and exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year.

Far more mannered than any artist of his century is Thomas Gainsborough, whose fame as a painter of women has increased with the decades, and his work is more highly rated to-day than that of any of his contemporaries. Gainsborough's technique has

something modern and personal about it. Had he confined himself to painting male portraits it is extremely doubtful whether he would occupy the pedestal he does to-day. He was fortunate in his sitters, but he saw them all through a spiritual lens of his own. All his portraits seem *tours de force*. Their peculiar and extraordinary technique seems to overflow and outweigh their value as transcripts of humanity. Take the portrait of Mrs. Robinson. Close beside it in the Wallace Collection the same lady is painted by Reynolds. How differently each sees her, then in the height of her fame.

To few women is it given to lead such an



"LADY HAMILTON."

By ROMNEY.

eventful life as that which fell to the lot of the beautiful Mary Robinson, prisoner and poet, actress and playwright, the friend of Royalty and the associate of princes, the story of whose career reads more like a chapter from a highly-coloured romance than the bald narration of historical facts.

Born in Bristol in 1758 of Irish parentage, she received at the early age of thirteen an offer of marriage from a captain in the Royal Navy. Three years later she was led to the altar by Thomas Robinson, an articled clerk, who was regarded by her mother as a man of means and expectations. Two years of unhappy married life then followed, at the end

of which she shared the imprisonment of her husband, who was arrested for debt. After ten months of incarceration she was released, and not till then can her career be considered to have begun.

Through the good offices of David Garrick, who greatly interested himself in her, she made her *début* at Drury Lane in 1776 as Juliet. The story of her remarkable beauty was not slow to reach the ears of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and a passionate correspondence soon followed between "Florizel" (the pseudonym adopted by the Royal lover) and "Perdita." A meeting was eventually arranged at Kew, which proved to



"MARY COUNTESS OF OXFORD."

By HOPPNER.

be the first of many Romeo and Juliet-like encounters. The liaison, however, did not last long. The Prince succumbed to the charms of a rival beauty, and "Perdita" received a cold note intimating that they must meet no more.

The bond for twenty thousand pounds which had been executed in her favour and signed and sealed with the Royal Arms remained unpaid, and the discarded favourite was reduced to a state of poverty. To the stage she dared not return, knowing how openly she had compromised herself, and so

sought refuge in Paris. Here she attracted much attention, and was presented with a purse netted by the hands of Marie Antoinette for—it is thought—repulsing the advances of Philippe d'Orléans. She eventually formed a close intimacy with a colonel in the English Army, which lasted many years, and as the result of a journey undertaken on his behalf she was stricken down with a severe illness which produced a species of paralysis of the lower limbs.

On December 20th, 1800, Mary Robinson died, beautiful to the last, but crippled and



'MRS. SIDDONS.'

By GAINSBOROUGH.



"MRS. ROBINSON."

By GAINSBOROUGH.

impoverished. She has been described as a woman of singular charm, but vain, ostentatious, fond of exhibiting herself, and wanting in refinement. During her lifetime she published several volumes of poems, and one of her plays—a satire on women gamblers—was produced at Drury Lane. It was played two or three times amid scenes of great confusion, ladies of rank hissing or sending their servants to hiss. One of the principal performers threw up her part, saying that the piece was intended to ridicule her particular friend.

Mrs. Robinson was to be seen daily in an absurd chariot, with the favourite of the day as driver, and her husband and other fashionable fops as outriders.

"To-day she was a *paysanne* with a straw hat tied at the back of her head, looking as if too new to what she passed to know what she looked at. Yesterday she perhaps had been the dressed belle of Hyde Park, trimmed, powdered, patched, painted to the utmost power of rouge and white lead. To-morrow she would be the cravated Amazon of the riding-house; but be she what she might, the hats of the fashionable promenaders swept the ground as she passed."

Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest tragedienne England, if not the world, has ever seen, was the eldest daughter of Roger and Sarah Kemble, and thus from her earliest childhood had a close association with the stage. As a child she displayed marked dramatic ability, and was produced by her parents as an infant phenomenon. When twelve years of age she acted, so it is said, with some military amateurs in "The Grecian Daughter," and caused some wrath among her military associates by bursting into laughter in the midst of a tragic situation. She was afterwards sent to be lady's-maid to a lady in Warwickshire, where she used to recite Milton, Shakespeare, and Rowe in the servants' hall, sometimes before aristocratic company.

Her first season at Drury Lane, where she was engaged by Garrick at a salary of five pounds a week, was an unmistakable failure, but the immense successes she subsequently met with in the provinces induced the London managers to give her another trial, and on the 10th of October, 1782, she reappeared at Drury Lane, playing Isabella in Garrick's version of Southerne's "Fatal Marriage."

The story of her triumph has now passed into history. So powerfully did her emotion

affect the audience that many fainted and had to be carried out of the theatre. All London was at her feet and her position as England's leading actress was assured.

One of her most ardent admirers was Samuel Johnson, who thought that she was a "prodigious fine woman." In Reynolds's picture of her as "The Tragic Muse" he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. "I would not lose," he remarked, "the honour this opportunity affords me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Hazlitt spoke of her as "not less than a goddess, or a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow; passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine."

Those in front of the footlights were not the only ones to be influenced by her marvellous powers. Actors on the stage engaged for farce could not easily recover their spirits after seeing her in tragedy. Charles Young, when acting with her as Beverley, was so impressed as to lose his power of utterance, and it was not until Mrs. Siddons said to him in a low voice, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself," that he recovered speech.

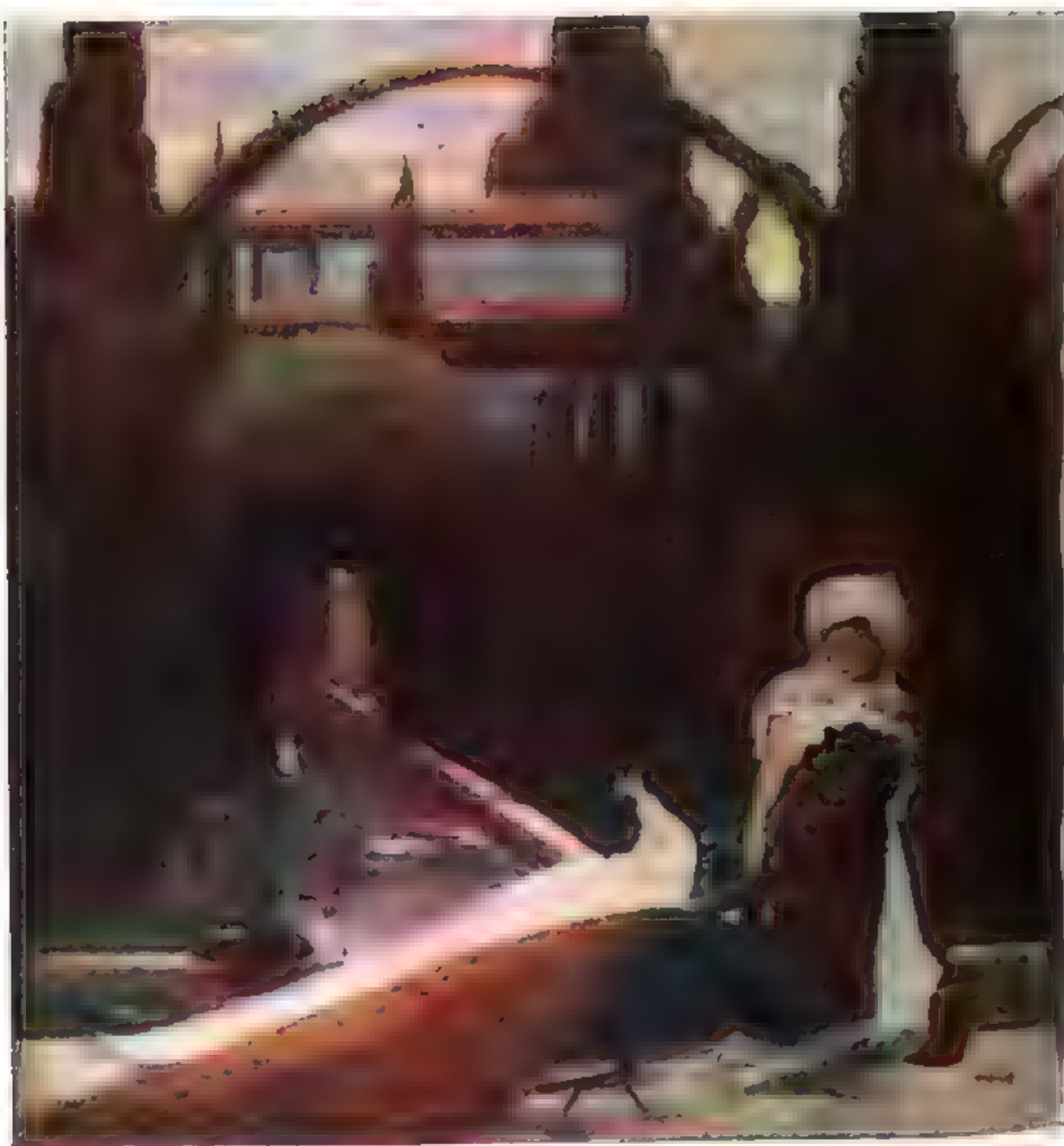
In her conversation she was apt to talk in rhythmic phrase. Scott, whom she used to visit, was accustomed to mimic her speech to an attendant at dinner:—

"You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer."

In 1812 she took her benefit at Covent Garden, appearing as Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene (said to be beyond all doubt her greatest impersonation), and from this time to the year of her death in 1831 she lived in comparative retirement.

Her physical gifts were great. Her face was noble; her tall figure, which was at first slender and eminently graceful, was always dignified and statuesque; but in her later days she became unwieldy, and had to be assisted when she rose. To divert attention from this the other actresses received similar assistance.

Mrs. Siddons yields to us nothing of her soul in Gainsborough's portrait. We see a beautiful, stately woman, but completely on her guard, with no hint of what may lie behind that serene self-possession. That is the great triumph of Romney. He captured his women, so to speak, off their guard, for which reason we are inclined to award Romney the premier place amongst the Georgian artists as a portrayer of the sex.



"THE MOORISH GARDEN."

By LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

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No. 195.

A CLUSTER OF MASTERPIECES.

“**S**HALL it be,” wrote Lord Leighton, “‘The Moorish Garden’ or ‘A Dream of Granada’?” He had just finished one of the most beautiful of his pictures, and one which may be said to be the spontaneous outcome of Leighton’s deep affection for the country in which the scene is laid. The whole

avenue of luxuriant foliage, its boundaries of whitest marble, and in the distance the towers of the palace rise in Oriental magnificence. A young maiden, sumptuously clad, is pacing the cool court, while after her strut, with almost conscious pride, a number of magnificent peacocks, whose rainbow plumage fills the whole foreground with a wonderful effect of mingled form and colour.



“OPHELIA.”

By SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS. R.A.

picture seems imbued with the spirit of old Moorish romance, and depicts the time when the Moors, monarchs for a thousand years, still ruled over the land. “Beautiful Granada! the soft note of the lute no longer floats through thy moonlit streets; the serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills.”

A stately garden—this it is the painter shows us—through which, overhung with arches of twining creepers and bordered by cypresses and rose trees in full bloom, a stream of water ripples and purls. Its course is an

How skilfully has the artist checked the long and monotonous line of white, that extends from the neck of the white peacock to the margin of the picture, by introducing the single slender feather that stands out clearly against the shadows of the stonework! How naturally, too, is the full plumage of the other bird depicted; not a feather but contributes its share to the harmonious whole!

It is interesting to recall how the picture came to be painted for its original owner, the late Sir Joseph Pease. In the early spring or summer of 1873 Sir Joseph and Lady



"SOLDIERS GAMBLING."

By J. L. E. MEISSONIER.

From a Photo. by Mansell.

Pease were invited by Leighton to call and see his Spanish sketches. Among the drawings was one of the old Moorish palace at Granada, with the River Ebro running through it, and *another* showed a small girl feeding peacocks in a garden.

"Why," inquired Lady Pease, "don't you put the little girl and the peacocks in the garden of the palace?"

Leighton was much struck by the idea and promised to do so. "Will you do it for me?" queried Sir Joseph. "With all my heart!" was the instant response, and by the next May the picture was duly finished and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The "Ophelia" by Sir John Everett Millais has been widely acclaimed by many eminent critics as the great English painter's masterpiece. One admiring critic does not hesitate to say that it is one of the most marvellously complete and accurate studies of Nature ever made by the hand of man.

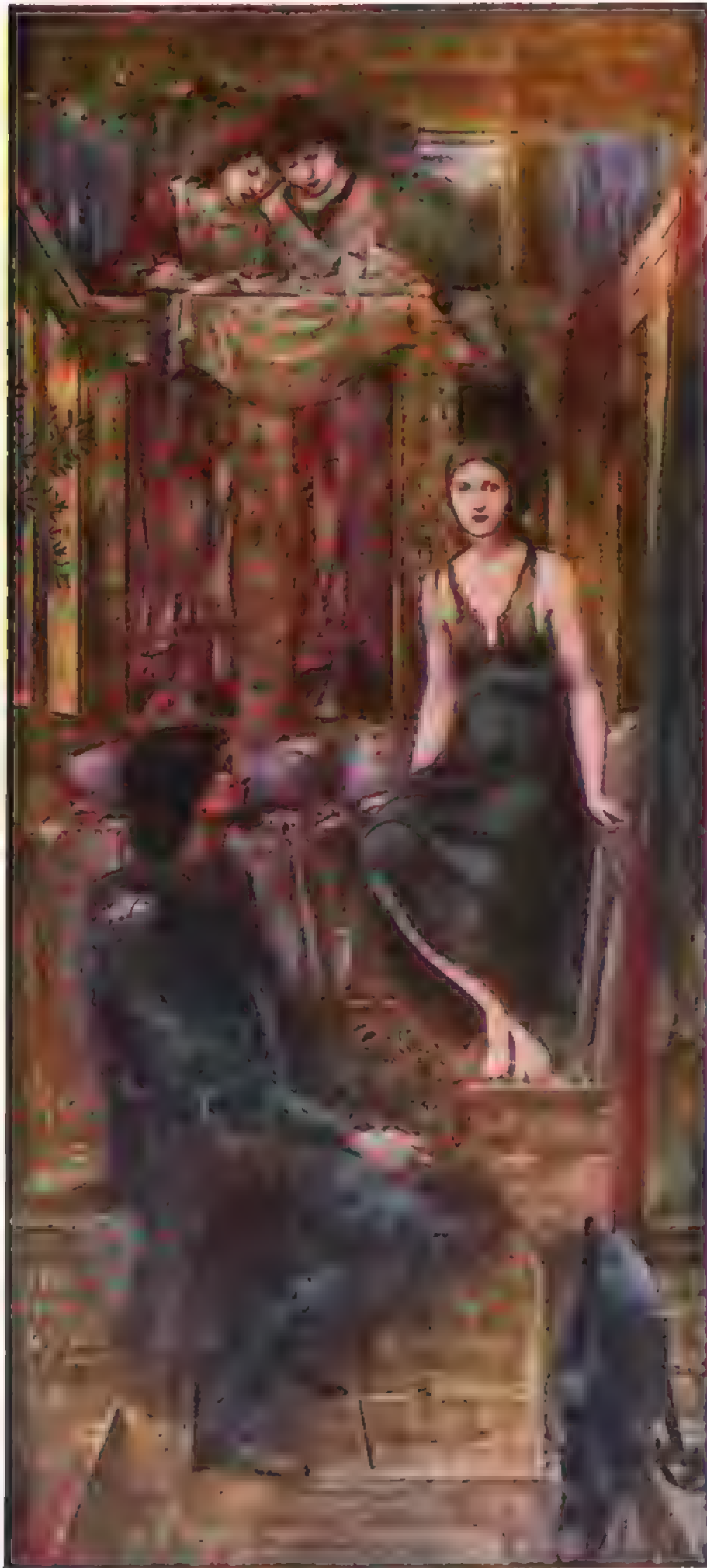
When Millais lit upon the famous passage in "Hamlet":—

Her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death,

he summoned all his powers to paint such a

picture of the dead Ophelia as had not before been attempted. He was a member of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood—that little band of zealous and hopeful young painters whose work is signalized by infinite pains in craftsmanship. They were men who dreamed dreams and saw visions—as became youth. Never did they let their visions become obscured by the quality and incoherence of their paint. Every line, every hair, every blade of grass was depicted with scrupulous care.

No sooner had the idea of the dead Ophelia flashed across the painter's brain than he bethought him of a model—the only model. Some time before, an artist friend had discovered behind the counter of a bonnet-shop a young woman of striking mien and features. A wealth of hair like burnished copper hung above her pale brow. This was Elizabeth Siddal, daughter of a Sheffield tradesman. Her discoverer introduced her to his fellow-artists, and she frequently sat as model to Millais, Holman Hunt, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. To Rossetti she was a "beautiful, pure, and lovable creature." She was his ideal—the fulfilment of all his æsthetic longings. He taught her to paint, and she proved herself an apt and



"KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR MAID."
By SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

accomplished pupil. Eight years later they were married, but, alas for their hopes! their connubial bliss proved only too short-lived. Within two years the beautiful model was stricken down with a mortal illness. A few days later she died. Rossetti became almost frantic with grief and despair. In a touching farewell scene he placed the manuscript of all his unpublished poems inside his dead wife's coffin. "You were the inspiration of my work," he cried. "To you only does my work belong."

In the spring of 1852 "Ophelia" was finished by Millais and sent to the Royal Academy. There, strange to say, it met

which his genius seemed to find its widest scope. Meissonier, of all the world's painters, was *facile princeps* master of *genre* painting. For him, as for Millais, in the first flush of his pre-Raphaelite zeal, nothing was too minute to notice, too difficult for transcription. His critics state that he painted all his pictures under a magnifying glass, but, although there may be many who are not lost in admiration of the French painter's handiwork, there are none who deny him overmastering genius in technique. His was the art of taking pains; accuracy was his aim, and to obtain accuracy no sacrifice was too great, either on his own part or on the part of his models. He



"ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS."

By J. M. W. TURNER. R.A.

with almost universal condemnation. It was so different from the art of the day. People could not understand it, and were therefore incapable of appreciating it. Tom Taylor, of *Punch*, was the only critic to appraise it at its true worth, and, it is said, Millais cared more for the praise of Tom Taylor than he did for the censorious bickerings of all the rest of the critics put together.

Six years after the young English painter who was afterwards to become so famous painted his "Ophelia," on the other side of the Channel, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, who had already attained celebrity, was at work on one of those precious canvases in

nearly killed them with fatigue. They had to pose in postures which made every fibre of their bodies twinge in agony. Many stories are told in Paris of the sufferings of Meissonier's models.

Of his own work Meissonier wrote: "I am perhaps the most impossible for all living painters to copy, for I have no method, no settled formula. Face to face with Nature, I know nothing beforehand; I look at her, I listen; she carries me away, suggesting what I must do, how I must seize her and make her my own. I begin just where the spirit moves me, and so nearly all my drawings have pieces of paper pasted on to them, on



"THE SEA SPELL.

By D. G. ROSSETTI.

one side or the other, to say nothing of the strips of wood added to my painted canvases."

Meissonier was essentially a painter of men. To him man was much more beautiful than woman. "I have," he remarked, "neither aptitude nor desire for the tenderness of the brush." "Let well alone" he thought a motto fit only for the sluggard. He himself was always altering; never satisfied. "Whenever," he wrote, "I have tried to paint a given subject, every detail of which has been decided upon in advance, the work has become uninteresting, odious, to me. My

touch is very rapid. You see the luminous paint at once in my canvases; my sketches are written studies."

In the picture of "Soldiers Gambling," purchased by the late Sir Richard Wallace, now at Hertford House, the artist has given us a truly dramatic theme. We see the rough interior of a typical guard-room. Two men have been gambling, but the game is now at an end. It is easy to see how the luck has gone. The victor leans forward on the table, a smile of insolent triumph on his lips. He is asking a question.



THE COUNTESS POTOCKA."

From a Photo. by Hanfstäengl.

By ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

"Well, have you had enough?" he seems to say. His opponent hangs back, scowling, moody, and irresolute; while their barrack-room companions press eagerly forward to catch the as yet unspoken answer.

But if we may detect a resemblance between the great Frenchman and Millais in his youth in certain qualities of colouring and technique, is there not a certain kinship between the painter of "Ophelia" and Sir Edward Burne-Jones? Only the latter's mysticism never once deserted him, but followed him all through his artistic career. "King Cophetua

and the Beggar Maid" was painted at the very height of his renown, and is perhaps the most complete of all Burne-Jones's works. Since its exhibition in 1884 it has never lost its popularity with picture critics and the public. The theme is one that has often been treated by painters, but surely never treated with such overwhelming splendour of craftsmanship and gorgeous detail as here. The painter seems to have poured all his wealth of fancy and splendour of colour into its composition. All the accessories of insignia of Royalty and wealth—the costly

marble, rich drapery, blue and purple, rose and violet—only throw the more into relief the figure of the low-born but beautiful maiden whom King Cophetua has seated upon his throne. It has been remarked that the chased armour of the Royal lover and the crown which he bears in his hand are very marvels of the goldsmith's art. Standing behind and above the curiously wrought throne are two fair and stately children; behind and beyond a glimpse of blue sky and woodland is revealed.

But nothing in the picture attracts the attention from its central, supreme idea—the self-abasement of the warrior-king in the presence of the woman he loves. Even though she, whom he has raised to share his throne, be a shrinking beggar maid, yet he is lost in her worship.

It is a singular coincidence that in the very year of Sir John Millais's birth a picture was hung in position in the Royal Academy which has been held to be the masterpiece of its author in its higher degree as the "Ophelia" is the masterpiece of Millais. It is related that Rogers, the poet, one day presented a copy of Pope's "Odyssey" to the great Turner. The volume was afterwards carried about for a matter of two years by the painter, with the following passage heavily marked in the margin:—

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear;
With taunts the distant giant I accost,
Hear me, oh Cyclop! hear, ungracious host,
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave.
Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face?
Say 'twas Ulysses; 'twas his deed declare,
Laertes' son of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground.
Thus I; while raging he repeats his cries
With hands uplifted to the starry skies.

The picture limning forth the scene conjured up by the poet was begun, arrested, and begun again, and Turner seriously set about the production of a masterpiece. But so high was his ideal that for a long time it seemed as if "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" would never have an existence. But at last, in a frenzy of inspiration, the painter found

the masterpiece looming suddenly, almost miraculously, one day from the canvas. The golden and crimson light of a brilliant sunrise illumined it. We see the gorgeous galley of Ulysses on the point of embarking from the island where dwelt the terrible Cyclops. On the top of the cliff the monster is seen writhing in his blind, impotent rage, while close inshore are the remains of the fire in which the fatal olive-staff was heated by Ulysses and his companions preparatory to putting out the Cyclop's eye.

Still more mystic, even more romantic than the painter of "King Cophetua," was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "The Sea Spell" is not considered one of his finest works, although it bears the stamp of the artist's peculiar genius in its every brush-mark. Yet he himself, doubtless owing to the conditions under which it was painted, esteemed this canvas as amongst his most cherished works. He penned a sonnet especially for it, and inscribed it on the base of the frame:—

Her lute hangs shadowed in the apple tree,
While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell
Between its cords: and as the wild notes swell
The sea-bird for those branches leaves the sea.
But to what sound her listening ear stoops she?
What nether-world gulf-whispers doth she hear
In answering echoes from what planisphere,
Along the wind, along the estuary?

She sinks into her spell; and when full soon
Her lips move and she soars unto her song,
What creatures of the midmost main shall throng
In furrowed surf-clouds to the summoning rune;
Till he, the fated mariner, hears her cry,
And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die!

One of the most famous, as well as one of the most charming, pictures in the galleries of Europe is the portrait of the Countess Potocka in the Berlin Gallery. To high workmanship is added an extreme charm possessed by few, if any, paintings of equal merit. For a century the name of the artist has rested in obscurity, although it has been generally attributed to Angelica Kauffmann. This supposition, however, rests upon a very slender basis. Count Potocka, so the story goes, was once deeply infatuated by the charms of the fair yet gifted painter. What more natural, therefore, than that she should paint the portrait of the lady who ultimately became his wife?





"SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE."

By CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiii.

MAY, 1907.

No. 195.

Gems of the South Kensington Collection, London.



It is a matter of surprise to the picture-lover, sated with all the international art of the day, to note what dozens of little masterpieces there are hidden away in this gallery or that—none the less perfect or admirable because they are of native and not of foreign workmanship.

great painter turn this time for inspiration. Upon a simple Dutch interior, the bed-chamber of some worthy burgomaster's wife, was his eye bent, and with faithful, loving touches he depicts for us a scene whose interest can never grow old. The young mother lies upon her bed of down, within the four great iron posts, with ample tester overhead. By her side is a caller—an



"THE VISIT."

By SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

In the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, may be found achievements by some of the greatest masters, such as Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Madox Brown, Alma-Tadema, and Landseer.

In the last year of the sixties, and a good twelvemonth before his decision to take up his residence in England, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema finished "The Visit." It is a picture executed with the most sedulous care. Not to Rome, not to the classic world, did the

intimate friend—full of sympathy. At the window, looking out upon the Gothic spires of the quaint Flemish street, is seen the tiny new-comer in its nurse's arms. In spite of the theme, all the characteristics of Alma-Tadema's canvases are here present. Here he shows himself to be a true follower of the ancient Dutch school, and the influence of his master, the late Baron Leys, is strikingly apparent.

Of the charming "Dolly Varden" here-



"DOLLY VARDEN."

By W. P. FRITH, R.A.

with reproduced, the painter, Mr. W. P. Frith, remarks as follows:—

"One of the greatest difficulties besetting me has always been the choice of subject. My inclination being strongly towards the illustration of modern life, I had read the works of Dickens in the hope of finding material for the exercise of any talent I might possess; but at that time the ugliness of modern dress frightened me, and it was not till the publication of 'Barnaby Rudge,'

and the delightful Dolly Varden was presented to us, that I felt my opportunity had come, with the cherry-coloured mantle and the hat and pink ribbons.

"I found a capital model for Dolly, and I painted her in a variety of attitudes. First, where she is admiring a bracelet given her by Miss Haredale; then as she leans laughing against a tree; then, again, in an interview with Miss Haredale, where she is the bearer of a letter from that lady's lover; and again when,

on being accused of a penchant for Joe, she declares, indignantly, 'she hoped she could do better than *that*, indeed!'

"These pictures easily found purchasers, though for sums small enough. The laughing Dolly, afterwards engraved, became very popular, replicas of it being made for Dickens's friend, John Forster, and others.

"It goes without saying that I had read all that Dickens had written, beginning with the 'Sketches by Boz'; and I can well remember my disappointment when I found that the real name of the author was *Dickens*. I refused to believe that such a genius could have such a vulgar name; and now what a halo surrounds it!

"I had never seen the man, who in my estimation was, and is, one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived; my sensations therefore may be imagined when I received the following letter:—

1, Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regent's Park,
November 15, 1842.

My Dear Sir,—I shall be very glad if you will do me the favour to paint me two little companion pictures, one a Dolly Varden (whom you have so exquisitely done already), the other a Kate Nickleby.

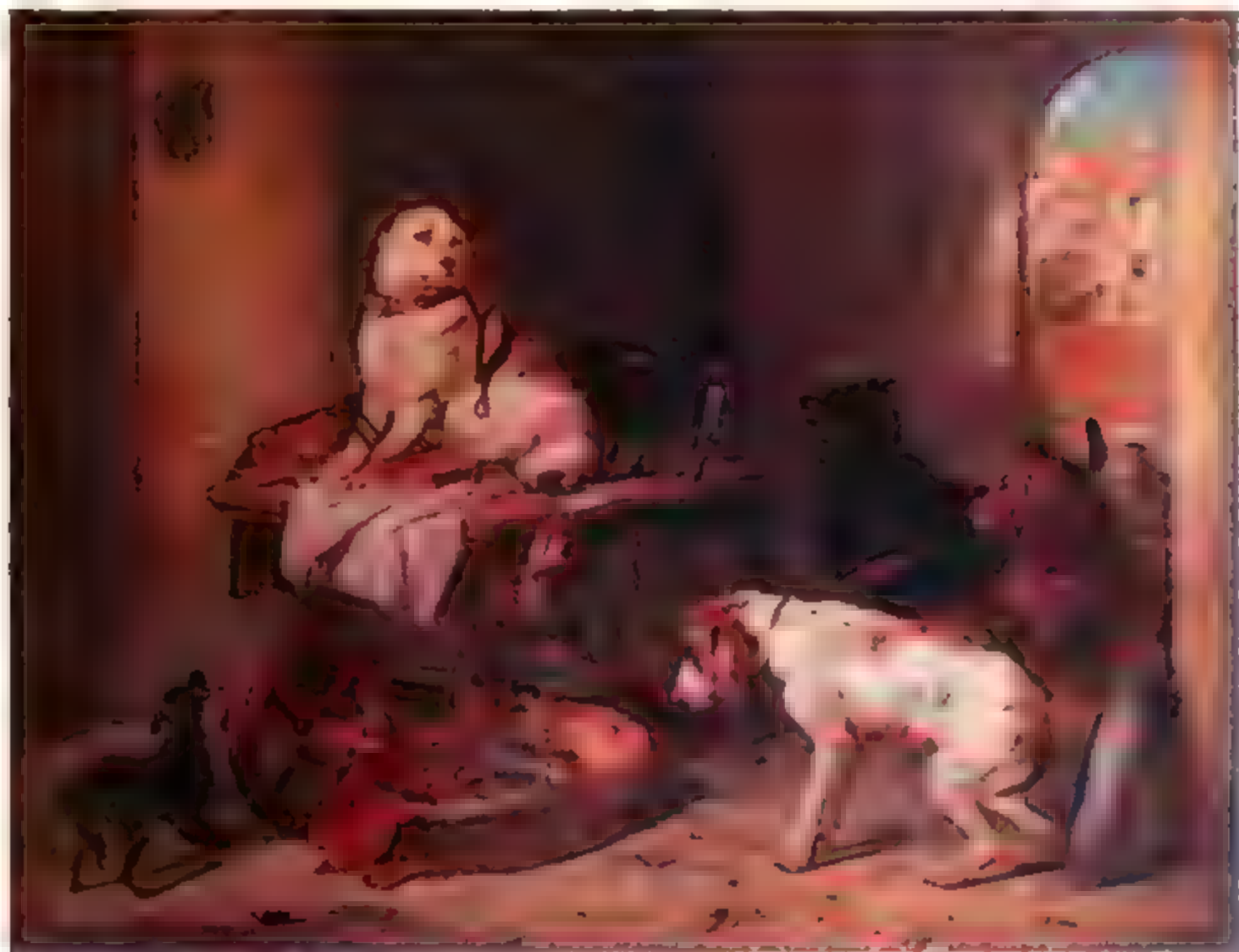
Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S.—I take it for granted that the original picture of Dolly with the bracelet is sold.

"My mother and I cried over that letter, and the wonder is that anything is left of it, for I showed it to every friend I had, and it was admired and envied by all."

It is sufficient to add that in spite of the artist's forebodings Dickens declared himself to be more than satisfied with the two pictures. He brought his mother and sister-in-law to see them, and this visit proved the commencement of a long and warm friendship between the great author and the then rising young painter. Dickens wrote out a cheque for forty pounds for the Dolly Varden and her companion picture; but it is interesting to note that after his death they were sold at Christie's for no less than thirteen hundred guineas.

One of Mr. Sheepshanks's most valued bequests to the South Kensington collection is Landseer's inimitable "Jack in Office." Here we see a surly, overfed cur, with an air of vulgar importance, seated upon a dog's-meat barrow which has been confided to his care. While thus enthroned he receives the courtier-like attentions of his hungry and less fortunate fellow-creatures. One meagre beast stands with watering mouth over a



"JACK IN OFFICE"

By SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.



"THE OPEN BOOK."

By ALBERT MOORE.

skewer of meat in the master's basket; another, seated on his haunches, begs *in formâ pauperis*, with dropped paws and adulatory whine; while yet a third appeals to the guardian's gallantry and devotion to her sex. But all without avail. He sits calmly contemptuous, scorning the meaner supplicants. In front a dark puppy nervously

gnaws a savoury skewer which has been tossed carelessly aside, while in the distance we may see a consequential and well-fed terrier surveying the scene with profound disdain. The picture is brimful of humour—a humour, however, not unmingled with an element of pathos.

Very different to Landseer in the character



"ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW'S SON."

By FORD MADOX BROWN.



"DAY-DREAMS."

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

and conception of his work was Albert Moore, whose picture, "The Open Book," is reproduced. Few artists, perhaps, have been so severely criticised as Moore, and few have so triumphantly survived the ordeal. Of his rare qualities in technique and skill in colouring and composition there can be no doubt whatever. It has been said that his pictures were unsuggestive, that they were lacking in imagination and interest, and that, although they almost invariably depicted Grecian scenes and flowing Grecian drapery, the figures were always entirely and essentially English. But these criticisms disturbed Moore not at all. "Anachronism," he remarked, "is the soul of art." His ideal was to paint beauty, and in this he certainly succeeded. In "The Open Book" we have a drawing of exceptional beauty and technical charm, of all his water-colours the one best suited for a national collection. The theme is obvious, self-explanatory. A girl clad in flowing draperies of the most delicate salmon-pink reclines upon a curiously-wrought and inlaid chest, while she ponders over the open book which lies before her. The picture is purely decorative, but decorative in the highest and best sense of the word. It contains no hidden and elusive meaning to reward the search of the curious, no great and inspiring truth to sink deep into the soul; but it is nevertheless a thing of the rarest beauty, and will ever be a source of the keenest delight to the jaded picture-lover.

That the new fashions in art and the latest combinations of colour are only a revival of fashions known long ago is strikingly illustrated by the picture, "Elijah and the Widow's Son," by Madox Brown. The fresh and vivid scarlet in juxtaposition to sombre pigments catches the eye as much as in any canvas of Mr. Abbey and his disciples.

Although a strong sympathizer with the Pre-Raphaelite movement, Madox Brown was never asked to become a member of that little select band of artists which formed the actual Brotherhood. There were several reasons why the Pre-Raphaelites, although greatly admiring his genius, did not desire him as a fellow-member. In the first place, they considered him too old to be able entirely to sympathize with a movement that was almost boyish in tone. Then, again, his works had none of the minute rendering of natural objects that the Pre-Raphaelites had determined should distinguish their own pictures, and, although his paintings showed great dramatic power, they were nevertheless

rather too grimly grotesque ever to render him a serviceable ally.

The theme for this picture first occurred to the artist in 1864, in which year he executed two small studies of it—one in water-colours and the other in oils. It was not till 1868 that the picture was finally finished and exhibited, when it was sold for three hundred and fifteen pounds. The artist thus described his picture in the exhibition catalogue:—

"We all remember how the widow in the extremity of her grief cried out, 'Art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?' So we can all imagine the half (or half-assumed) reproachful look with which Elijah, as he brought the child downstairs, would have said, 'See, thy son liveth,' and even the faint twinkle of humour in the eyes with which he would receive the reply, 'Now *by this I know* that thou art a man of God.' The child is represented as in his grave-clothes, which have a far-off resemblance to Egyptian funeral trappings, having been laid out with flowers in the palms of his hands, as is done by women in such cases. Without this the subject (the coming to life) could not be expressed by the painter's art, and till this view of the subject presented itself to me I could not see my way to make a picture of it. The shadow on the wall, projected by a bird out of the picture returning to its nest (consisting of the bottle which in some countries is inserted in walls to secure the presence of the swallow of good omen), typifies the return of the soul to the body. The Hebrew writing over the door consists of verses of Deut. vi. 4-9, which the Jews were ordered so to use (possibly suggested to Moses by the Egyptian custom). Probably the dwelling in tents gave rise to the habit of writing the words instead on parchment placed in a case.

"As is habitual with very poor people, the widow is supposed to have resumed her household duties, little expecting the result of the prophet's vigil with her dead child. She has, therefore, been kneading a cake for his dinner. The costume is such as can be devised from study of Egyptian combined with Assyrian and other nearly contemporary remains. The effect is vertical sunlight such as exists in Southern latitudes."

For the "Day-Dreams" D. G. Rossetti made two preliminary crayon studies, but it was not completed in oils till the autumn of 1880. It was one of the artist's greatest favourites amongst his own pictures. It represents a beautiful woman rapt in some

"day-dream spirit-fann'd," while she sits in the summer silence' under "the thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore."

Under the ample shade of the spreading brown branches she rests, lost in dreamy meditation, while from the green depth of the sycamore a thrush pours out its soul in a very ecstasy of song. The book she has been reading lies listlessly on her lap, and the fragrant blossom she has plucked falls unnoticed from her hand. The whole painting is imbued with the spirit of dreamful reverie and vague meditation.

Seated one evening before the picture ere it had received the finishing touches of a master hand, Rossetti addressed to it the following sonnet:—

The thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore
Still bear young leaflets half the summer through;
From where the robin 'gainst the unhidden blue
Perched dark, till now, deep in the leafy core,
The embowered thrush's urgent wood-notes soar
Through summer silence. Still the leaves come
new;
Yet never rosy-sheathed as those which drew
Their spiral tongues from spring-buds heretofore.
Within the branching shade of Reverie
Dreams even may spring till autumn; yet none be
Like woman's budding day-dream spirit-fann'd.
Lo! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her look,
She dreams; till now on her forgotten book
Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand.

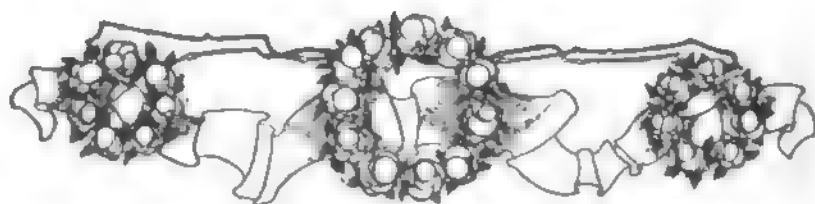
Few indeed are the painters of any age who could not only paint such a picture but pen such a poem.

It is doubtful whether amongst the innumerable illustrators of Dickens there was one who combined such perfect technique with so keen an appreciation of character as the late Charles Green. This admirable water-colour painter had not only a keen eye for character, but a humour strangely akin to the humour of Dickens himself, yet wholly devoid of any strain of caricature. His pictures are simple, clean, and wholesome. As one of his friends said at his death: "Green never painted anything that was not pleasant to look upon." His work was fresh and vivid, and although severe critics would and did call

it "pretty," yet the epithet is applied daily to even greater men than Charles Green. The British public has grown accustomed to this aspersion upon its favourite painters. In the example given in our frontispiece we see a luckless shopkeeper puzzling over his accounts. His clever little daughter with a "head for figures" has come to his assistance, but in vain. The figures will not come right. There is "Something wrong somewhere." What are they to do? The situation is one which appeals to man, woman, and child who have ever been in a similar predicament.

By far the greater part of the South Kensington collection is due to the munificence of a couple of deceased picture-lovers, Mr. Constantine Alexander Ionides and Mr. Thomas Sheepshanks. Of Mr. Sheepshanks we are told that he was a sleeping partner in a cloth firm at Leeds, a bachelor who, although he never possessed an income of more than £1,500 a year, accumulated his large collection of pictures by contemporary British painters out of that income. Some of the most wonderful of Landseer's works were acquired by Sheepshanks for sums which Mr. Frith regarded as extremely small. One of the largest, "The Departure of the Highland Drovers," was originally painted for the Duke of Bedford. The Duke, however, pleaded poverty as an excuse for not carrying out the contract, and said that if Landseer could find another purchaser he would be glad to resign "so beautiful a work."

The exquisite "Jack in Office," "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "The Tethered Ram," etc., were all bought for ludicrously small prices; and any exclamation from a bystander to that effect was sure to elicit from Mr. Sheepshanks a somewhat petulant explanation: "Well, I always give what is asked for a picture, or I don't buy it at all—never beat a man down in my life. Never sold a picture, and I never will; and if what I hear of the prices that you gentlemen are getting now is true, I can't pay them, so my picture-buying days are over."





"MY LADY'S GARDEN."

BY YOUNG HUNTER

(By permission of C. E. Clifford & Co., the Publishers, 67, Haymarket, London, W.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiii

APRIL, 1907.

No. 196.

Some Popular Pictures—Past and Present.



HERE is no certain guide to popularity in picture-making. Fashion changes, the taste of the public alters, new schools arise, subjects this year welcomed with enthusiasm are next year proscribed. But there are some pictures which in all epochs of taste bid fair to hold their own. They have, both in theme and treatment, a perennial freshness, which appeals with ever-increasing force to all picture-lovers. Of such are the paintings reproduced in this article. But, although these

Thus, to those whose delight it is to dream sweet, golden dreams of the dear bygone ages of chivalry and romance, and whose thoughts dwell rather amid the roses and hollyhocks, stately lily, and humble corn flower of an old English garden than in the bustle and turmoil of life in the great cities, Mr. Young Hunter's charming painting, "My Lady's Garden," must appeal with irresistible effect. The picture brings with it an atmosphere of peace and quiet restfulness that cannot fail to refresh the weary seeker after the beautiful. One can almost



"VENICE FROM THE GIUDECCA."

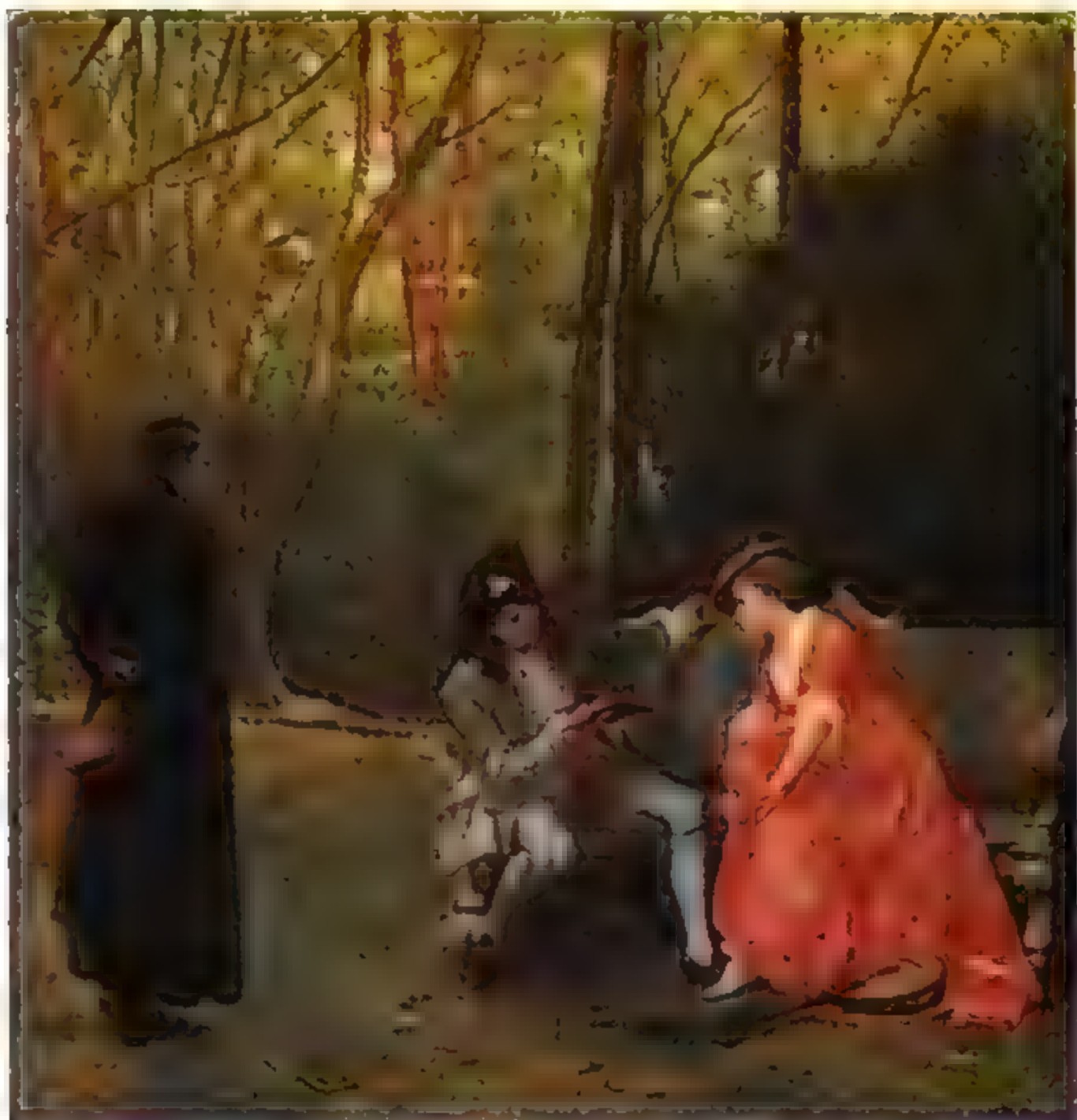
By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

pictures are favourites with all lovers of good painting, the special influence they exert upon the beholder must vary considerably, according to the character and disposition of the individual. For each picture appeals with peculiar force to a different temperament.

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hear the faint drone of the busy bees as they flit from flower to flower; well-nigh inhale the heavy, scent-laden atmosphere in which a thousand flowers mingle their sweet perfumes in delicious fragrance.

"My Lady's Garden" was the first picture



'LE CHAURIN D'AMOUR.'

By T. R. LAMONT, A.R.W.S.

of any note to be painted by Mr. Young Hunter. Finished in 1899, and exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year, it was not slow to attract the attention of the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, who, recognising the sterling merit of the work, caused it, at the close of the exhibition at Burlington House, to be transferred to the Tate Gallery, where it now hangs.

"I had," remarked Mr. Young Hunter, "a studio in Kensington at the time, and, by kind permission of Lady Ilchester, the background, and, in fact, the whole setting, was painted in the garden of Holland House. I had to carry the picture between there and the studio, but sometimes I left it in the ball-room in the garden. I had a few sittings for

the figure in these grounds, and I made numerous drawings of Lady Ilchester's peacocks, as well as of those in the park. The painting of the birds was done with the aid of stuffed ones, but I was surprised to find that those in the Natural History Museum were not correct enough to be of any use to me. The 'eyes' in the tail of the real bird are in exact order, the spaces between them forming diamond shapes, and by drawing circular intersecting lines the 'eyes' will be found placed with mathematical regularity. Those in the Museum are irregular, and the feeling of symmetry is therefore lost.

It is interesting to note that the model for "my lady" was none other than Mrs. Young

Hunter, whose skill with the brush is no less well known than her accomplished husband's.

Venice was to Turner, England's greatest landscape painter, the veritable city of his dreams. His poetical imagination revelled almost wantonly in its golden sunshine, its blue waters, its marble palaces, hoary with age and stained with the verdant tints of seaweed. But it has been said that, except in his earlier pictures, Turner was never famous for attention to architectural minuteness, often leaving the spectator to imagine what

was intended instead of expressing it. But in "Venice from the Giudecca" we see another phase of the painter's art, distinguished by the scrupulous attention paid by the artist to the minutest details of his glowing subject.

Turner's biographer wonders what his art would have been had he chanced to be born in Venice when the city was in all her glory, and her no less illustrious school of painting was at the height of its fame. He would never have been the rival of Titian, of



"THE BRAVOES"

By E. E. MEISSONIER.



"A MUSICAL STORY BY CHOPIN"

(By permission of the owners of the Copyright, Leggatt Brothers, 62, Cheapside, and 30, St. James's Street, W.)

By A. C. GOW, R.A.

Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, or Giorgione; the communings of Turner's soul were with Nature—with the skies and the oceans and the rivers; with rocks and woods and flowery plains; not absolutely, not even in part, a misanthrope, yet he abjured in no small degree the society of his kind, his chief intercourse with men being through the works of their hands. He studied mankind only as pictorial aids; and a range of pictorial architecture, such as we see in his Venetian pictures, would have a greater charm for him than any dramatic historical incident, however striking. His first visit to

which peeps the mosque-like domes of St. Mark, and on their left the Campanile lifts its tall and graceful form. The foreground is occupied by a multitude of small craft fishing boats, fruit boats, and vessels laden with merchandise. The combination of materials is most picturesque, and all is seen under an effect at once brilliant and beautiful. The work belongs to the collection bequeathed by Mr. Sheepshanks to the South Kensington Museum.

"Le Chagrin d'Amour," by T. R. Lamont, A.R.W.S., depicts one of those scenes which the painters of the age of



"AUTOLYCUS"

By C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

Italy opened a new world to him. The country, with its delicious scenery, its noble edifices and brilliant atmosphere, fascinated him and appeared to turn the current of his thoughts, giving to them new, comprehensive, and magnificent ideas. Venice, in particular, he made his "vantage-ground."

His picture, "Venice from the Giudecca," is most attractive. On the left rise the domes and towers of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this there is a perspective view of the Ducal Palace, above

Watteau and Greuze were so fond of conjuring up on canvas. This picture will appeal both to those who have tasted the sweets of love and to those whose paths have never been crossed by the mischievous and elusive boy god; for to the former it will call up happy memories of the golden age of youth, when life was no more than a happy dreamland of languorous pleasures and "linked sweetness long drawn out," while in the loveless, or, rather, the unloved ones, it will surely stir some secret and long-silent



"OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE INTO HERE."

By RALPH PEACOCK.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street London, W.)

(Copyright, 1904, by Photographische Gesellschaft.)

chord within their breasts, to answering strains of vibrant and heartfelt regret for the great "might have been."

Seated on a stone settee, beneath the shade of the encircling trees (trees, by the way, such as Mr. Marcus Stone loves to depict), we see two figures, a youth and a maid. He is reading her some stanzas, the lines pulsating and throbbing with the fierce joy of love, as it tells of some olden day romance, whilst she, enraptured by the recital, lets her mandolin fall unheeded to the ground as she leans breathlessly forward to catch the passionate words as they flow mellifluously from her companion's lips.

So absorbed are they by their occupation that, Paolo and Francesca like, they have not noticed the approach of the stranger clad in monkish garb, who stands gazing wonderingly at them. It is not difficult to guess the thoughts that are flooding the mind of the ascetic priest. "See," he mournfully reflects,

"what I have missed—what joys might have been mine!" But not for him are the sweets of love. He has chosen his path—a rough and lonely one to tread—and he must continue it to the end: and as he watches the happy pair he regretfully thinks that, surely,

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all

An artist whose works are a constant source of delight to all those whose thoughts incline to martial subjects is Jean-Louis Ernest Meissonier, whose celebrated picture, "The Bravoes," we reproduce

In this painting, which was purchased by the late Sir Richard Wallace, and is now at Hertford House, we see one desperate assassin listening at a closed door while his fellow-mercenary, naked rapier in hand, awaits stealthily the coming of their victim. It is interesting to point out the resemblance between the situation thus depicted by

Meissonier and another picture now in the national collection at Millbank by Mr. John Seymour Lucas, R.A., showing the assassins lying in ambush for the Duc de Guise.

What may be described as pseudo-historical pictures also appeal to a wide public, especially if a vein of sentiment runs through them. There is a wide range of such canvases, which includes such pictures as "Nelson's First Sweetheart," "The Childhood of Mozart," "Napoleon at Brienne," and the picture by Mr. A. C. Gow, R.A., "A Musical Story by Chopin." As a child the great Polish musician was, as is well known, a delicate, fanciful creature.

Liszt tells us that the boy Chopin was seen suffering, indeed, but always trying to smile, patient and apparently happy, and his friends were so glad that he did not become moody or morose that they were satisfied to cherish his good qualities, believing that he opened his heart to them without reserve, and gave to them all his secret thoughts.

The habits in which Chopin grew up, in which he was rocked as in a form-strengthening cradle, were those peculiar to calm, occupied, and tranquil characters. These early examples of simplicity, piety, and integrity always remained the nearest and dearest to him. Domestic virtues, religious habits, pious charities, and rigid modesty surrounded him from his infancy with that pure atmosphere in which his rich imagination assumed the velvety tenderness characterizing the plants which have never been exposed to the dust of the beaten highways. He commenced the study of music at an early age.

"Gentle, sensitive, and very lovely," writes George Sand; "at fifteen years of age he united the charms of adolescence with the gravity of a more mature age. He was delicate both in body and mind. Through the want of muscular development he retained a peculiar beauty, an exceptional physiognomy, which had, if we may venture to speak, neither age nor sex. It was not the bold and masculine air of the descendant of a race of magnates, who knew nothing but drinking, hunting, and making war; neither was it the effeminate loveliness of a cherub *couleur de rose*. It was more like the ideal creations with which the poetry of the Middle Ages adorned the Christian temples: a beautiful angel with a form pure and slight as a young god of Olympus, with a face like that of a majestic woman filled with a divine sorrow, and, as the crown of

all, an expression at the same time tender and severe, chaste and impassioned.

"Always plunged in reveries, realities displeased him. As a child he could never touch a sharp instrument without injuring himself with it; as a man he never found himself face to face with a being different to himself without being wounded by the living contradiction."

It is related of the boy Chopin that, instead of telling stories as his fellows did, he could express himself only on the piano, thus relating the fancies which crowded in on his imagination. Such is the scene shown in Mr. Gow's canvas.

Seated at the piano the youthful composer is letting his imagination run riot as he tenderly draws from the instrument those sweet harmonies for which his name will be for ever famous. Clustered around the precocious player are his school-companions, lost in amazement at their playfellow's strange talents, and held in thrall by the inspired strains he is evoking; while seated by the window the usher finds unconsciously his attention diverted from the tome he has been studiously perusing as he listens in wonder to the feast of music conjured up by his tiny pupil.

Such faculty had Chopin for kindling within his listeners' minds the richly imaginative fancies that through the medium of his favourite instrument he translated into music, that as he played they could almost see pass in mystic array before their eyes the vivid phantasmagoria of the musician's dreams. Now, perchance, the thundering tread of a thousand war-horses as they sweep majestically to the charge, now the hoarse cries of combatants mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying, and now the calm of a red and golden sunset as it casts its last fiery rays upon a deserted and dead-strewn battlefield, break in turn upon their enraptured senses; and the little audience sit in hushed silence, until at length the baby fingers stop exhausted, and the last passionate notes of his wonderful "musical story" break and tremble into silence.

It was in the year before the Royal Academy departed from Somerset House that Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., exhibited his famous "Autolycus." Yet, although not shown till 1836, we know from a letter written by the painter to his friend, Washington Irving, that it was planned and partly painted before 1823. Leslie has been called the English Teniers, perhaps from the care with which he painted, and his love

for odd countryside characters. He rarely told a story, but was content to seek his subjects in the stories of others. Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière were among his chief sources of inspiration. In the scene from "The Winter's Tale" we are shown Autolycus puffing his pedlar's wares amongst the shepherds and shepherdesses. Close at hand is the old shepherd's hut. With his box of trinkets and gewgaws about his neck, the pedlar is in the act of trolling out the title of his wonderful ballad "of a fish that appeared on the coast on Wednesday, the four score of April, fifty thousand fathom above water, and sung the ballad against the hard heart of maids." With greedy eyes Mopsa and Dorcas are scanning the toys, while another shepherdess listens entranced to the tale, "very pitiful and as true," and the clown, eager for ballads, bids the knave "lay it by." Overhead is a bright and breezy blue sky, with white clouds. A stretch of level mead, with sheep feeding, is beyond. On the advice of Constable the painter introduced a mountain ash with its scarlet berries. Indeed, the influence of Constable is felt throughout in the charming character of "summery, open-air freshness and breeziness." "For my part," wrote the celebrated Tom Taylor, "I feel this to be, on the whole, the most cheery and happy work of the painter. It is free from chalkiness, and its colour is bright and harmonious. I should," adds, however, the former editor of *Punch*, "have been thankful for the absence of the vermilion cap which Autolycus wears." But Leslie had borrowed the notion of vermilion element in every picture from the Dutch painters, and deemed no picture complete without it. It is interesting to learn that Washington Irving also particularly admired the expression and character of Autolycus.

The model for "Autolycus" was, it is said, a London street porter. We are told that Leslie was very quick in working, especially in painting heads. "I don't think," writes his son, G. D. Leslie, R.A., "he ever kept a model more than two hours at a time, and generally finished a head the second day, though he frequently rubbed his work out if it was not satisfactory to him and painted it in afresh. I often sat to him and he had always finished before I was tired. I have," he adds, "often seen him laughing at some expression that pleased him in his picture." Humour was Leslie's strong point, and, though hearty, it is always refined. The "Autolycus" was painted for Mr. Sheepshanks, and is now at South Kensington.

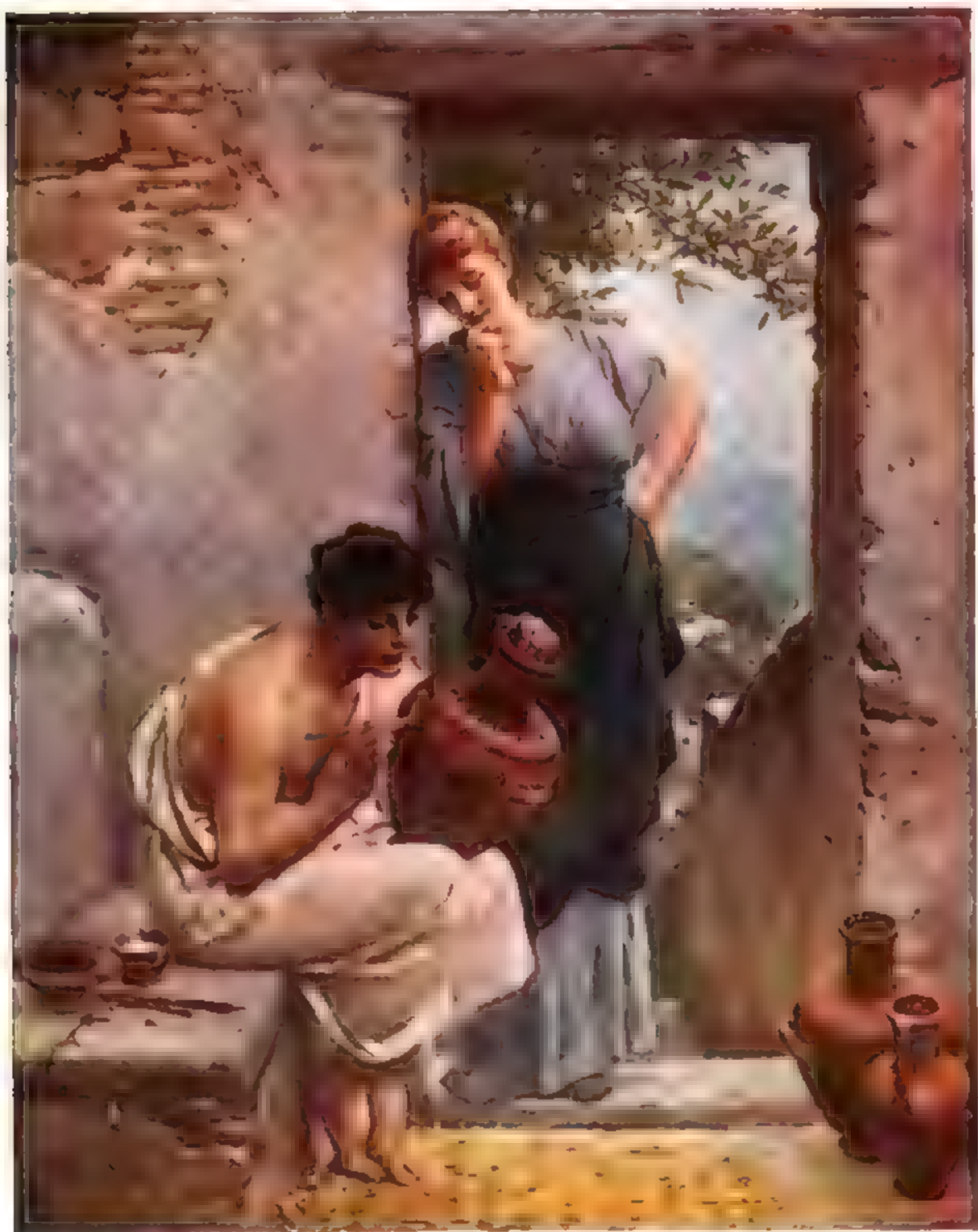
Of a totally different order of popularity, and appealing to altogether different emotions and appreciations, is Mr. Ralph Peacock's recent picture, "Out of the Everywhere Into Here."

There never was a Royal Academy exhibition without this infantile interest. The delineation of babies, indeed, began with oil painting itself, and one may say that for centuries the greatest masters chiefly concerned themselves with the Child. Since purely religious has given way to secular art, the child is still with us, in one form or another. The infants Hercules, Romulus and Remus, and Cupids by the score are common enough in all the eighteenth and early nineteenth century canvases. But, perhaps no painter before Mr. Peacock ever gave us such a downright baby—"My own first-born," as he writes to *THE STRAND*—shorn of all accessories, both of costume and furniture: a little scrap of the Finite placed suddenly, as it were, in the very bosom of the Infinite. There is here no mother, no nurse, no dwelling, no swaddling clothes even; just the vast immensity of the mundane planet and the mighty mystery of the firmament to emphasize the helplessness of the solitary human speck on the summit of a mountain peak. This truly is not an ordinary "baby picture." There is a powerful lesson here, which goes straight home to the spectator, however unsympathetic and little tolerant of "baby pictures." Of course, the idea is not Mr. Peacock's own; the credit of that belongs to the late George Macdonald, whose verses, "Baby," are known in every nursery in the land:—

Where did you come from, baby, dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

But although the artist derived his inspiration from the poet's verses, he can yet put in a strong claim to originality. The treatment is his own. It is no small thing to bring mystery and dignity into unattended babyhood, and especially rosy, healthy babyhood, and not such uncanny babes as might have sprung from the brush of Rossetti, or Burne-Jones, or Madox Brown. For, although we have spoken of the helplessness of the babe in Mr. Peacock's picture, yet, in truth, he does not seem, considering the potentialities of babyhood, helpless at all; he is, in spite of his large-eyed wonder and chubby nudity, very sturdy and strong-lunged, a very child-man, well able to weather the world on its own account.



FACON THE HEAT

Oil on Canvas, 1898, 18 x 24 in. (45.7 x 61 cm)

By PAUL THUMANN

(a. w.)

A Septette of Favourite Paintings.



THE inspiration of the classic age modern art is ever fond of turning. In the simplicity of costume, of life, of manners, painters of to-day find occasionally relief from the complexity, intrigue, and garish novelty of our own times. Yet to some this period is denied by reason of their technique; the style of others, on the contrary, lends itself most peculiarly to themes from the antique world. Such a painter was the late Paul Thumann, whose picture, "Art Wins the Heart," is one of the most popular he ever painted—hardly even surpassed by his "The Fates." Of the artist himself, English readers generally know very little.

Thumann was the son of a successful

schoolmaster in the village of Tzschaksdorf, and was born in 1834. He enjoyed great popularity in his lifetime throughout Germany, less, perhaps, as a painter than as an illustrator of standard books. When he was nineteen young Thumann had saved enough money from his vocation as map-maker to go to Berlin and enter the Academy of Arts. There he spent several years in study, at the close of which he married an English lady, who was well fitted by nature and artistic cultivation to enter into the spirit of her husband's work and become his helpful counsellor. Upon his series of Luther pictures Thumann's fame as an historical painter chiefly rests, but it is by his women, large, tender, strong, that Thumann has really appealed to the eye and heart of all picture-lovers. The



"THE NEW CAPTAIN"

By J. GIRARDET.

Painted at 10, New Street, London, W. 1

Photographed by the artist



"ONE AT A TIME."

By A. J. ELSLEV.

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

conventional form is antique, which is but another phrase for grace; but Thumann was no mere copyist. He studied Nature's own self. His message seems to be that joy and not sorrow should be the artist's gift to the human race. In his pictures he teaches us that beauty, and not deformity, deserves per-

petuation by means of the imitative arts. "With this joyous temperament," writes a friend, "it is not strange that he has drawn more and more upon Greek life, both for his inspiration and for the drapery of his thought." But Thumann is no pedantic classicist. Into the old forms he breathes a new

spirit. For example, his "Three Fates," while issuing from the shade of the old mythologies of the South, is pure German and not at all shrouded in gloom and mystery.

In the latter years of his life Thumann passed much time in Italy, and his produc-

tions while there show the influence of this change of scene. Altogether, looking over a list of the artist's pictures, it is not difficult to guess the secret of Thumann's world-wide popularity amongst those who care less for the technicalities of "high art" than for the



"A GIPSY QUEEN."

By MARTIN KAVEL.

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large *Illustrated*.)



"CHEERFUL SPRING."

By JENNIE BROWNSCOMBE

(By permission of C. Klockner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

truthful presentation of scenes from Nature which make no severe demand upon the imagination, charming chiefly by their verisimilitude. He handles subjects which require no training of the schools to understand. "All who live by work, who love and worship, can enter freely, with no instruction but that of their own experience, into the spirit of his art." Man and woman, mother and child, lover and maiden, the romping boy, the dame at her spinning-wheel, the devout heart throbbing with the spirit of prayer—all find

Through the open doorway of the potter's workshop the sea and the green-clad shore are visible. A handsome youth, in scanty raiment, bends over his task of adorning the vases with designs, such as horsemen, warriors, ladies, besides scrolls and emblems. The comely maiden who pauses on the threshold to survey the youth at his task has perchance been wooed by many a swain of the countryside, but never before was her heart in such danger as now. To woman art is irresistible. Mayhap the talented youth is conscious of



"SON AND HEIR"

By A. ROSELL

(By permission of C. Klackner, 2, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

in Thumann a sympathizer and a friend, who tells his simple stories to the eye no less charmingly than Scotland's poet sang them to the ear.

It is interesting to be told that for many of his women Thumann's daughters sat, as well as their mother, Mme. Thumann. The resemblance between the face of the maid here and that in his other canvases is very marked. The scene is in one of the isles of Greece, famous for its production of pottery

the effect he has produced; he does not glance up at the lingering maid, but his countenance seems to express complacency.

Modern in comparison with "Art Wins the Heart," and yet belonging to a period a century and a half removed from our own, is M. Jules Girardet's delightful "The New Captain." The scene is Versailles, where the crack regiments of His Majesty King Louis are quartered. Yet is it not here also a case of "Art Wins the Heart"? For the art of th



"SPEAK! SPEAK!"

BY SIR T. E. MITCHELL, P.R.A.

gentleman is the art of war, and we do not need Offenbach to assure us that the fair sex the world over "dote on the military." For some time it has been the theme of speculation amongst the fair ladies in the ante-chambers at Court who will command the King's bodyguard now that its gallant old chief has gone forth to his last fight to Flanders. The matter is now set at rest. The new captain appears—a regular beau of a fellow, with a capital opinion of himself—and you may see plainly that his initial tour of inspection through the town causes much fluttering in the bosoms of the fair beholders. M. Girardet is, like Paul Thumann in Germany, well known as a charming book illustrator in France.

It is not too much to say that the art of Mr. Arthur J. Elsley has endeared him to thousands of households where the genius of far greater painters is unknown. Here, too, is an instance of the charm which attends a direct representation of simple things, of homely scenes. Inimitable is Mr. Elsley in his laughing, clear-eyed English children frolicking with their canine comrades. "Babyhood and puppyhood," it has been said, form almost exclusively this artist's theme. In the picture we have reproduced a little girl of five summers is making ready for a scamper with her three dogs. All are jealous of their tiny mistress's attentions and impatient of the preparations which preface the anticipated outing. The insistence of the two small terriers on their prior right to be invested with a collar seemingly invokes the merriment too of the quartette. It is wonderful how the painter has managed the expressions of all the dogs, especially the collie's deprecating smile at the ridiculous misfit which his two companions are bent on producing.

The painting of a head which shall command popularity is a far more difficult task than *genre* painting. In this department of work, to which many of the ablest artists who have ever lived have restricted themselves, there is little story, if any, to tell—there is no action, no accessories, no supplemental details of architecture and landscape. All interest centres in a single human face. In "A Gipsy Queen" Mr. Martin Kavel has conquered the obstacles; he succeeds in this image of a young girl in a sombrero in gaining the sympathy of the spectator, in enlisting his interest almost by a *tour de force*. It might almost serve as a pendant for the "Laughing Cavalier" of Franz Hals. Here is a lass of spirit and abandon, easily a match for any of her swarthy subjects amongst

the itinerant caravans. We can see her receiving the homage of many a pedestrian or cavalier struck by the flash in the eyes of the Romany maid, her raven locks, her white teeth, and dauntless carriage. Not even George Borrow or Mr. Watts-Dunton would seek a more spirited, comelier heroine.

In "Cheerful Spring" one would say that Miss Brownscombe, the talented American painter, had been influenced by the great Italian, Botticelli. And this is indeed the case. Her picture might be a modern English or American variant of "Primavera." The slender young women, dancing blithely across the awakening fields, exhibit a familiar grace of posture, although the landscape has little in it of Italy. One bears a spray of apple-blossom, another flaunts an airy scarf, while one far younger than the rest, a mere child, beats light-heartedly upon a tambourine.

And so the maidens, carolling, flit
Across the verdant mead.

Another outdoor picture, still more strongly imbued with English feeling and Old English characteristics, is Mr. Rosell's "Son and Heir." Few painters but could make something of beauty out of such a theme. There is the spacious, well-trimmed lawn, revealing in the distance, behind the yews and cedars, the splendid mansion of the blue-blooded young Georgian squire. The squire is now leaning over a garden seat, engaged with his young and pretty wife in paying court to his tiny son and heir, who is some day to succeed him in the possession of house and lands. Nothing abstruse, nothing mystic is there here, but only such a spectacle of proud fatherhood and happy motherhood as touches the heart and pleases the eye of every beholder.

It was in the autumn of 1894 that Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., went, as usual, to Scotland, under the roof of his friend, Mr. George Gray, and in November he began the picture known as "Speak! Speak!" The subject, he once told his son, had been in his mind for forty years. He had full intention of painting it, but again and again circumstances beyond his control had thwarted his design. Now, he thought with happiness, ill though he then was, his wish would be gratified.

The idea the painter had in his mind was that of a young Roman who has been reading through the night the letters of his lost love. At dawn, lo! the curtains of his bed are parted, and there before him stands, in spirit or in truth, the lady herself, arrayed as

on her bridal night, and bending upon him a sad but loving gaze. An open door displays the winding stair down which she has come. Through a small window above it steals in the grey dawn, forming, with the light of the flaring taper at the bedside, a harmonious discord. Such a discord is less seen in English than in French pictures, but Millais had already used it to good effect in an earlier picture, "The Rescue."

An old four-poster bedstead being a necessary element in the composition, Millais bought one in Perth and had it set up in one of the spare rooms at Bowerswell, and there he worked away at the painting for two months, by which time he had got all he wanted to enable him to finish it elsewhere. Miss Hope Anderson, daughter of the old minister at Kinnoull, stood for the figure of the lady, and was in turn succeeded by Miss Buchanan White, a neighbour of Mr. Gray's; but the lady's face was left till Millais's return to town, when he painted it from Miss Lloyd, who also sat for "A Disciple." The young Roman, only roughly sketched in at Bowerswell, was painted in London, when Millais was lucky enough to find a good-looking Italian as a model. It has been said that, "but for the sight of that throat (the Italian model's) he might never have painted the picture"; and that "the scene is the turret-room at Murthly Castle." His son, however, casts doubt on the authenticity of these stories.

"Of the artist's resolve," writes Mr. F. B. Barwell, "to have the actual thing he intended to imitate before him, with its appropriate surroundings whenever possible, the following typical instance is a good one. The picture was in the main finished, but the form of the lamp had not been decided upon. I advised him to pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum. He found there the very thing he required. It was, however, absolutely against the rules to lend any article whatever from the collection. The officials, nevertheless, offered to give him every facility within the building. To make a drawing or a study was not, however, enough for him; he wanted such a lamp placed in his studio exactly under all the conditions of lighting the effect demanded. At the suggestion of a courteous official a drawing was made, from which an iron-worker executed a facsimile of the lamp, which Millais paid for and used."

Millais took "quite a romantic interest in

this picture" from the moment he first put brush to canvas. His son says: "Never before, I think, had I seen him so well pleased with any work of his own; and when at last the Royal Academy decided to purchase it under the Chantrey Bequest, he was quite wild with delight at this marked appreciation on the part of his brother artists."

The picture furnished *Punch* with an amusing skit that Millais used often to chuckle over. It was gravely suggested that "Speak! Speak!" represented a young man whose wife has run up a fearful bill for diamonds, and this so haunts him that he has a nightmare in which she appears arrayed in all her finery!

As to the effect "Speak! Speak!" had upon Millais's brother artists, let the following letters testify:—

"My dear Sir John Millais," wrote Mr. Herkomer, R.A., "I cannot resist the impulse to write to you and thank you for your work at the Royal Academy. It is the strongest arm that has been put forth for a long time against the fearful (and mad) wave of the modern tendency. I pray God to spare you long to enable you to give us much of such beautiful work, and I pray you may long be able to help us with your personality, for you are one of the few men in this world who are loved by all."

A tribute from an artist—a true one, but of a different kind—also came to Millais. It was from Mr. Linley Sambourne.

"Dear Millais," he wrote, "I feel I cannot help writing to let you know how much your beautiful picture of the apparition, or whatever it may be (for I am ignorant of the legend), has impressed me. I think it the finest picture you have ever painted, which is going as far as possible. Should it not be the finest, at any rate it has moved me as much, and once seen can never be forgotten. The most perfect female head possible to be depicted by man. Wonderful! Every Englishman capable of appreciating such work must feel proud and elated that it comes from England."

"What we may say," wrote Sir William Richmond, R.A., "may seem but as whispers among the clamour of the crowd and the cries of 'greed,' but those whispers of our inmost feelings will touch someone—God only knows how many—and they will touch those most in need of consolation—not the rich, perhaps, but the poor, the suffering, and the hopeless. And it is to that latter class that your picture that I saw to-day will appeal; and of that class are the coming class rulers. Your audience will be fit, though few—out of fashion, perhaps, but the salt of the earth."

Surely one can only reflect that there are very few pictures painted nowadays which could evoke similar spontaneous testimonials of esteem both from the wide public and the high priests of art.



"COMING."

By MISS ALICE MANLY.

(By permission of C. Kuckner, 2, Haymarket London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

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Art's Glimpses of the Past.



HE past is the great treasure-house of the painter. Many keen and ardent observers of contemporary costumes and manners there are ever seeking to delineate To-Day in its many sidedness, in its ever-varying and capricious moods. But of the charm of Yesterday there will always, let us hope, be tender and capable exponents. In the past, whether it be of fifty years or twenty centuries, the painter certainly has a freer hand. There is so much to choose from—history, poetical legend, melodrama, customs and places now, alas, fallen into decay, or, perhaps, only the dainty picturesqueness of costume alone. None of the pictures accompanying the present article mirrors contemporary life or action. Like

historical novelists, each of these painters has by a few hundred magic movements of his brush summoned up scenes of the vanished long-ago, as varied in theme and epoch as they are different in treatment, quality, and colour.

It was in 1862 that John Pettie, the painter of "A State Secret," decided to leave Edinburgh and risk his fortunes in London. Hither he had been preceded a twelvemonth by his friend, W. Q. Orchardson, and the two painters shared a studio together. Long before the two men separated Pettie had struck out a special line for himself.

Sir Walter Armstrong tells us that with all Pettie's fellow-painters of the Scotch school "the chief occupation was the telling or illustration of a story, the making of a dramatic point, the insistence on some



"A STATE SECRET."

By JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

(By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College.)

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"NORIESE OBIGE"

By J. HAYNES WILLIAMS

(By permission of C. Klockner, s, Haymarket, London. Publisher of the large Engraving.)

domestic affection, humorous or pathetic. Pettie's work, on the other hand, invariably embodies some purely pictorial motive, over and above the subject, specially aiming at a rich resonance of colour. His fame springs mainly from the success with which he pursued this latter ideal."

In "A State Secret" we have a picture of a richly melodramatic order. Seated at a richly-carved and polished escritoire, a cardinal, wearing the scarlet robes of his

spirituality of mind. It is interesting to add that the model for the cardinal was originally a young gardener in St. John's Wood, where Pettie had a studio, and that he also sat to Millais for the priest in, we believe, "St. Bartholomew's Day."

One of Mr. Haynes Williams's friends said long ago that "had he not been gifted with an eye for form and colour he probably would have developed into a first rate novelist." He assuredly has imagination,



"WHITERAIT AT GREENWICH"

By STEPHEN LEWIN.

(By permission of C. Klackner, 9, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

exalted office, may be seen laboriously destroying an important State document he has just received. So momentous are the tidings the parchment conveys that he cannot risk postponing its destruction to a more convenient season, but with tense face and rigid hand he holds the precious paper until nothing remains of it but a few black and smouldering ashes. The painting brings vividly to mind the time when the Church was still the predominant power in the land, and when the red hat was a sign rather of political potency than of any particular

and a clear insight into human character. To most people to-day this artist is associated with English themes of the period also selected by Mr. Marcus Stone, but his reputation was first made with Spanish subjects. As a boy, Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" had inspired him with an intense longing to visit Spain, and a perusal of this delightful work at a time when his artistic powers were beginning to mature kindled afresh his enthusiasm for the Peninsula as an unsurpassable happy hunting-ground for the painter. So to Spain he went



"THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER."

By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

(By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College)

about 1862, and, fully imbued by his sojourn there with the spirit of the country, he has never since ceased to manifest his predilection for Spanish subjects. Albeit the artist does not entirely neglect to paint scenes nearer at home, and an excellent example of a later phase of his art may be seen in the picture reproduced. It must be confessed that the true inwardness of "Noblesse Oblige" does not immediately "leap to the eye." Several explanations might be offered, each equally plausible. The youthful lover may have approached the couch only to find that his innamorata is being carried off by a rival claimant—one, possibly, whom she could

"Whitebait at Greenwich," painted by Stephen Lewin, conjures up for us the days of His Majesty King George IV. We are shown the interior of the coffee-room at the famous old tavern at Greenwich, wherein a gallant young soldier is enjoying a flirtation with the pretty daughter of the solid City merchant who sits sipping his Madeira by the window. The portly, dignified waiter bears in a heaping plate of the viand which has made the hostelry famous far and wide, but the gallant officer appears meanwhile to have discovered whiter and more tempting, but it may be more dangerous, bait. Outside the ships pass to and fro in the wide reaches



"LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI"

By FRANK DICKSEE R.A.

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London, W.)

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not in courtesy refuse—and the disappointed beau is constrained to console himself with the fair lady who remains. Then, again, the elderly gentleman may be leading away his partner in order to leave the field clear for the more youthful lovers. The figure in the background has presumably come to announce that the dancing is commencing. But that is the beauty of pictures of this sort; they are capable of a variety of interpretation, just as the episode itself would be in real life.

of the Thames. The only sounds we can conceive of are the laughter of other couples, the clatter of plates, and the "Coming, coming, sir," of the waiter, eager to serve all whom the fine May weather has lured from the City to enjoy the delights of a sail down the river and four o'clock dinner at the old Greenwich inn.

The vast majority of the public may be blind to the mystic, the esoteric in art. They may not care for subtlety of design, delicacy



"THE BABYLONIAN MARRIAGE MARKET."

(By permission of the Governors of the Royal Holloway College.)

By EDWIN LONG, R.A.

of arrangement, or for the decorative qualities which are so ardently and painfully sought by a large number of the leading painters of to-day. But a portrayed episode, a picture that tells its story with point and directness, never lacks suffrages. The time may come in the progress of painting when art can do without episodes, when the walls of Burlington House will be hung with symphonies in green and brown, with "arrangements" of sky and tree-top and landscape in subdued and chastened monochrome. But if that time ever come, painting will have become a very dull thing, save perhaps to a few zealous votaries and a few zealous critics. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that because a picture tells a story it is less artistic than a picture that is merely symbolical or subjective. The greatest masters of painting have never disdained to apply their mastery of form, colour, light, shade, and composition—indeed, their highest technical excellence—to canvases which make a wide appeal to heart and humanity.

In his picture "The Princes in the Tower," the master, Millais, has gone to English history. He has chosen a subject that will never grow old, and has produced a painting that will never lose its popularity. It makes a direct appeal to the emotions, and it cannot be denied that beneath the external stolidity of the great British public there lurks a strong vein of sentimentality—a sentimentality that hails with unqualified delight every opportunity that comes to hand for exercising what a recent writer caustically terms "its lethargic, but never wholly dormant, lachrymal activities."

It has been said that it was one of Millais's invariable principles always to leave the drama unfinished. So, with the present picture, tragedy hangs upon and overshadows the subject, but is not of it. The culminating act has not yet arrived, but its approach is imminent. We see the ill-fated scions of a Royal house standing near the spot where, two centuries later, their mouldering skeletons were to be accidentally discovered. They are listening with fear and apprehension to the stealthy and ill-omened footsteps that can be heard descending the narrow stair. The assassins are on their way to fulfil their dastardly bargain.

Millais set great store by the choice of a subject, but he indignantly repudiated the suggestion that when composing his little dramas and devising the pictures of pretty childhood he was in any way "playing to the gallery." "If I wanted to paint a 'popular'

picture," he once exclaimed, "I should paint an old man in spectacles, reading the Bible by the fireside; and the fire would be reflected on his spectacles. And I should paint a tear running down by his nose; and the fire would be reflected in the tear. That would be a 'popular' picture, I can tell you!" "That the picture was never painted," adds his biographer, "must surely be accounted to him for righteousness."

Where did Millais get his models for this picture? The "Princes" were painted from the two children of Mr. Dallas Yorke, of Walmgate, in Lincolnshire, sister and brother, whom the artist saw thus arrayed when playing in *tableaux vivants*. That was nearly thirty years ago, and the elder of those two children is now the Duchess of Portland. It is said that the picture lacks the minuteness of detail that was so marked a feature of Millais's earlier work. This is true, and is due to the fact that at the time it was painted Millais had long broken away from the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood he had done so much to found, but which he afterward avowed had hindered rather than helped the development of his art. The picture was finished in 1878 and exhibited at the Royal Academy the same season. Three years later it was sold to the late Mr. Holloway for the enormous sum of three thousand nine hundred and ninety pounds. This picture, as well as "A State Secret" and "The Babylonian Marriage Market," are now in the galleries of the Royal Holloway College, an institution of which the purchaser became the munificent founder.

Unlike many another painter whose artistic proclivities have developed themselves comparatively late in life, Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., may be said to have been reared on art from his cradle. Born and nurtured in an artist's home, the centre of an artistic colony, he began to absorb the rudiments of drawing and painting long before his unwilling attention was directed towards the more prosaic, but still sufficiently formidable, mysteries of the alphabet. In point of fact, Mr. Dicksee cannot remember a time previous to his earliest attempts at draughtsmanship, his pristine essays being confined to copy-book illustrations.

Leaving school at sixteen, the precocious young painter resolved to devote himself entirely to his chosen vocation, and under his father's skilled tuition received a thorough preparation for the Academical course. In due time he became a student at the Academy, and in 1875 won the gold medal

with his painting, "Elijah Confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard." Two years later came his first great success, when his picture "Harmony" (now so familiar to frequenters of the Tate Gallery) was considered the "picture of the year"; and from that time forward he has never looked back, each new work from his brush showing another rung mounted in the ladder of artistic achievement.

In the present picture Mr. Dicksee has resorted to Keats for his inspiration, and from the exquisite ballade "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*" has selected the following verse for illustration:—

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For midway would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

"It merely came about," remarked the artist, simply, when asked how he came to select the subject, "that in reading the poem a presentment of the idea was given to me which I thought would afford me pleasure to try to realize—the picture is the result of the attempt."

The painting is finished with all the wealth of pictorial detail and sumptuousness of colouring that Mr. Dicksee is so fond of lavishing upon his canvases. Beside his mighty charger the knightly victim walks as in a dream, gazing spellbound into the eyes of his enchantress. Save for his helmet, which hangs at the saddle-bow of his richly caparisoned steed, the luckless warrior is clad in full armour, but all his weapons cannot, alas, save him from his dream-told fate:—

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

Like the artist of "*Noblesse Oblige*," Edwin Long, R.A., found his first inspiration in Spain. Early in life Long, who was himself the son of an artist, made the acquaintance of John Philip, R.A., and with him travelled to the Peninsula. Here he studied the works of Velazquez to such purpose that his first canvases betray clearly the influence of that great master. After a time the study of archæology, especially Assyrian and Egyptian, attracted Long, and this knowledge he set forth in his first really important canvases, "*The Suppliants*" and "*The Babylonian Marriage Market*," the latter of which created a great sensation when it was hung at Burlington House over thirty years ago. Since then this notable

canvas has endured various changes in public opinion. It has been called old-fashioned, but, if ever this particular criticism reaches the painter in the shades, he may solace himself by the reflection that this is a criticism which the most modern of the canvases at Burlington House always have to endure. It is a picture big enough and strong enough and vivid enough to make a lasting appeal to picture-lovers the world over. It reproduces faithfully—down to the smallest detail—and strikingly a scene in ancient Babylon, when the fair candidates for matrimony were exposed for sale. Not for filthy lucre were they sold, but for diamonds and rubies, sapphires and amethysts, and ropes of pearls. We are left in no doubt as to who is the fortunate bidder for the vestal beauty actually on the dais; the rapt expression on the countenance of the tall, bearded man betrays his triumph even more clearly to the beholder than the strings of noble jewels being scrutinized so carefully by the elderly seated figure. The modern advocate of "woman's rights" may look with instruction at this striking delineation of the liberty enjoyed by her less fortunate sisters some twenty centuries ago, and thankfully reflect that, whatever her present hardships, she enjoys an emancipation undreamed of by the willing victims of a bygone custom. Note the diminishing scale of perfections in the troop of women awaiting their turn at the right of the rostrum. Truly, the foremost are the fairest.

A pretty girl, so runs the proverb, is "free of the fashions." There is no style so extravagant or so intrinsically ugly as to veil beauty from men's eyes. On the other hand, there are periods of costume which, to our twentieth-century eyes at least, emphasize and heighten the physical allure. Of such a period, now more than a century gone, is the sweet, smiling damsel depicted upon Miss Alice Manly's canvas, reproduced in our Frontispiece, the stupendous coal-scuttle bonnet with its lining of wide lace frill, the low-cut flowered bodice and polonaise edged with pink, the black lace mittens, and sky-blue petticoat. We might exclaim,

What volume doth midact read
That she doth muse so long?

save for our suspicion that in this case the dainty duodecimo is but arrant pretence, and that the lady awaits her lover in every rustle of the oaks and beeches in the path, and has all along been chiefly alive to the tender poesy, not of the poet, but of *his* "Coming."



"HELD BY A THREAD"

BY CHAS. E. MARSHALL

By permission of C. E. Clifford & Co., the Publishers, 21, Haymarket, London, W.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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No. 200

COSTUME IN ART.

IN the representation of a subject the painter has the advantage of the sculptor in that the latter must confine himself to form, while the painter has both line and colour. Acting on this fundamental principle you will find two great schools amongst modern painters. One of these schools believes that any subject, however dull, however trite—repulsive even—is worthy of being depicted if it shall be shown in such a manner as to reveal the painter's temperament or peculiar technique. The other school, on the contrary, believes that to make a picture the painter must have, as it were, a picture in his mind. The scene that is uninteresting in real life does not become more interesting by being transferred to

canvas. A painter of this persuasion casts about in his travels or in his mind's eye for combinations of colour and objects which will make a picture. To him a picture that is not generally admired, which gives no pleasure to the beholder, that happens not to be interesting in technical accomplishment, is hardly worth being painted. Grey, dull objects or scenes, sombrely appressed men and women, such as we see for the most part around us in the world to-day, have little attraction for the painter who desires to please his generation.

"I choose scenes of colour," remarked Meissonier to a friend, "because I am a colourist. If I were to paint the people of to-day I might just as well paint in monochrome."

"The little incident," writes Mr. C. F.



"ATTENDANCE INCLUDED."

By LEON MORAN

(By permission of C. Kieckhefer, 2, Haymarket, London. Publisher of the large Engraving.)



"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."

By ARTHUR HECKINGHAM.

(By permission of C. E. Clifford & Co., the Publishers, 21, Haymarket, London, W.)

Marshall to us, "illustrated in my picture, 'Held by a Thread,' was suggested to me quite by accident. I was staying at an old manor house in Wiltshire, where many of my subjects of this nature were painted, and one morning, in the room I had arranged as a studio, with my canvases and two models before me, I was quite at a loss for a subject. After having posed my models in different attitudes, all of which failed to please me, I left the room in despair. On my return a

ready brush immortalizing it upon canvas. Mr. Marshall here shows us the interior of a commodious and well-lit room. Reclining near the spacious lattice-window, through which we catch a glimpse of blue skies and smiling meadows, we see once more the old-as-time yet ever youthful pair. She with downcast eyes and demure expression is skilfully repairing the rent that some mischance has torn in the lace flounce of his cuff, while he gazes with ill-concealed admira-



"THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH"

By SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

little while afterwards I found that my two figures had by chance placed themselves in precisely the attitude I have depicted them in. Here was my subject, and the picture was started at once!"

But scenes and situations that would prove not unworthy of the painter's art are frequently lighted on. Is not "as pretty as a picture" an everyday expression in the English language? Not always, however, is there present (as in this instance) an artist capable of seizing upon the crucial moment and with deft and

tion full in the lady's face. Held by a thread—no more: but even a thread will bind for ever those who have no wish to part.

How much the artist gains by availing himself of the more florid and elaborate costume of other days is clearly shown in this and the accompanying pictures. Next to a period, a pose, and a comely model, a happy title is, perhaps, of the greatest importance. The picture by Mr. Leon Moran is a striking illustration of this. Mr. Moran is an American painter and etcher who, with



"THE DANCING HOUR."

(By permission of C. Kitzner, 2, Haymarket London. Publisher of the large Engraving.)

By I. SCHMUTZLER

his father and mother, has long devoted himself to a charming *genre* of work dealing with the American colonial period. Here we see the interior of a country inn. None of the appurtenances which we are wont to connect in our mind with such a homestead are lacking. The old-fashioned chimney-piece, deep-recessed grate, and leaded windows testify to the fact that this is no modern erection, while the antiquated candlesticks, bellows, and crockery have probably done service for several generations of occupants. The youthful traveller, doubtless on his way

cluded," puts him in good humour again, and he is ready to consider the banquet cheap indeed. Yet the picture was finished and all but sent away for exhibition before the happy inspiration of the title, "Attendance Included," occurred to the artist. Much of its popularity in America is doubtless attributable to the felicitous name.

The story of the return of the prodigal son is almost as old as literature itself. It has various phases, infinite variations, but the essentials of the little drama are ever the same. There is, for instance, the return of



"BETWEEN TWO FIRES."

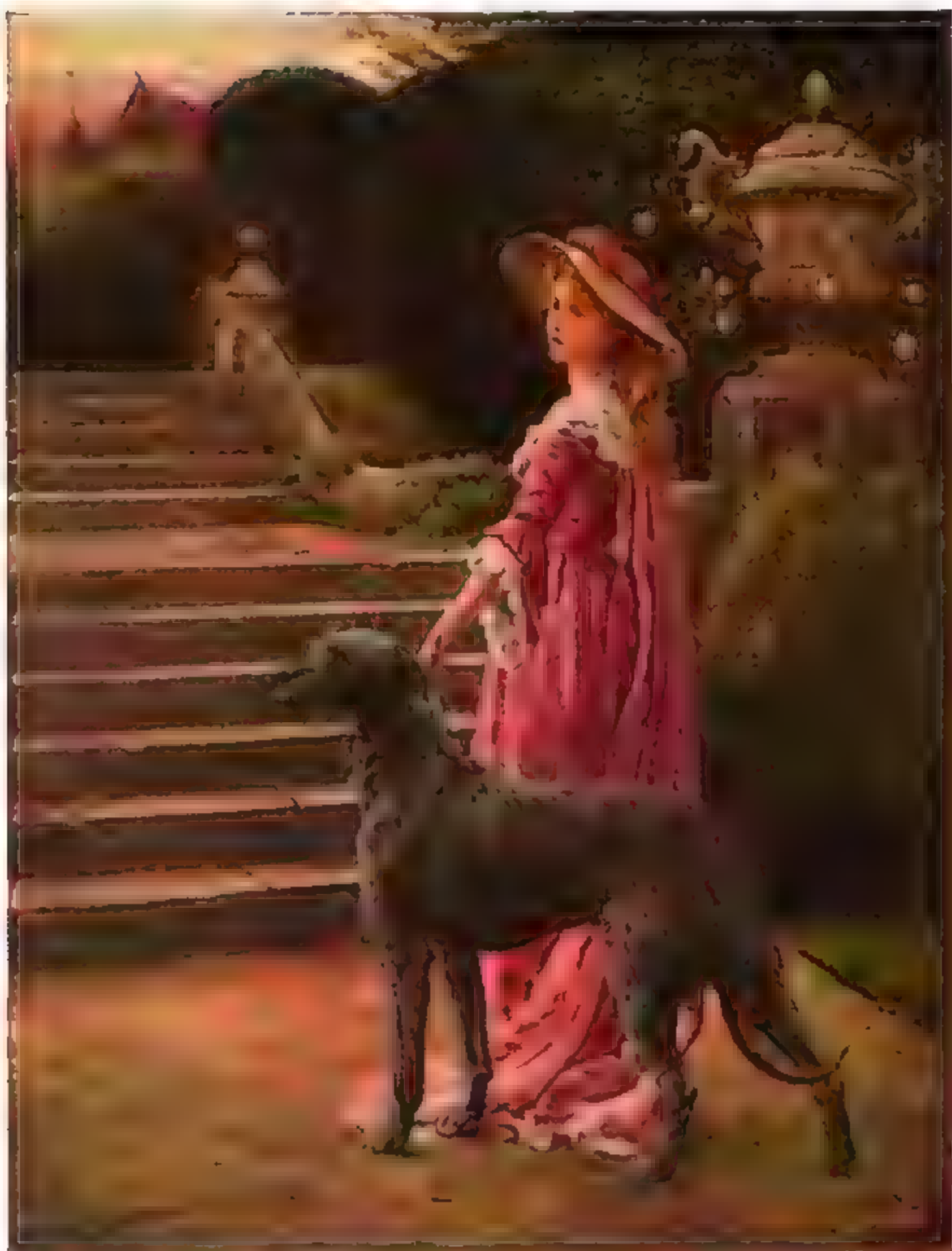
By F. D. MILLET

to one of the great colonial capitals, has paused for midday refreshment. That he is not too well blessed with this world's goods is shown by the red bandanna handkerchief tied up on the floor which doubtless contains all the traveller's belongings. Having partaken of the simple frugal fare he calls for his bill. The pretty handmaiden who has been waiting upon him once more puts in an appearance with the written reckoning.

Whatever misgiving he may feel that he has been overcharged for his entertainment, the little item, "attendance in-

cluded," puts him in good humour again, and he is ready to consider the banquet cheap indeed. Yet the picture was finished and all but sent away for exhibition before the happy inspiration of the title, "Attendance Included," occurred to the artist. Much of its popularity in America is doubtless attributable to the felicitous name.

Here we see the grounds of a country parsonage. The clergyman and his still youthful wife, sitting beneath the spreading branches of an ancient tree, have been engaged in their several occupations. They have been communing perhaps over their long absent son, who in a moment of pique or passion had rashly left the peaceful haven in which his



"GOOD BYE."

By HERBERT DICKSEE.

(By permission of C. Klockner, 7, Haymarket, London, Publisher of the large Engraving.)

childhood had been spent to seek his fortune in the great world outside, and speculating anew as to where he was and how he fared, whether his native soil still held him, or whether in far-off lands, alone and friendless, he laboured wearily to eke out a scanty subsistence. Or was he dead? And should they never again listen to that still-loved voice which had, in happier times, been at once their solace and their joy? Long had they waited his return, hoping against hope that the wanderer would soon weary of the great battle of life, in which every man's hand is against his neighbour's, and return penitent to the fold; but hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and years of waiting had wrought the lethargy of leaden-hued despair.

Then suddenly, as thus they muse, the rusty hinges of the garden gate creak and swing, footsteps are heard on the gravelled drive. It is not, however, the tread of buoyant youth, but the slow, dragging footsteps that betoken the uneasy mind. Then a figure comes into view, altered no doubt, but still familiar, and with a catch in her breath the mother springs to her feet. For the prodigal has indeed returned. We doubt not that a reconciliation was subsequently effected, and, to finish the story in the accepted way, that "all lived happily ever after."

"I was led to the conception of the picture," writes the artist, Mr. Arthur Beckingham, "by the sight of an old house and garden in Essex, near Chelmsford. When I saw the place I thought that it would make a good setting for a domestic drama of some sort, so I made a study of the scene. Afterwards I thought over its possibilities, until the subject of the prodigal suggested itself. Of course, the picture was not painted on the spot, but I was able to keep very closely to my study in working out the subject. The story of the prodigal has always been a favourite one with painters, and, as it lends itself to so many different kinds of treatment, I think it will continue to attract artists for as long as subjects are painted."

It was the glamour of distant lands, the thirst for adventure, that had led the prodigal forth, and Millais, in his painting, "The Boyhood of Raleigh," shows us another lad of tender years whose fancies are being animated by such narrations of the perils that may be endured and the triumphs that may be achieved in the lands beyond the seas.

Few painters could rival Millais's wonderful skill in depicting children, and it was this

especial faculty of his that evoked from a distinguished German critic a panegyric that as a revelation of Continental opinion of English art is by no means devoid of interest.

"This same stringent painter of character," he wrote, "commands that soft light brush of a painter of children as few others do. No one since Reynolds and Gainsborough has painted with so much character as Millais the dazzling freshness of English youth, the energetic pose of a boy's head, or the beauty of an English girl—a thing which stands in this world alone."

There is in the present picture no exaggeration or straining after effect. The story is told with a simplicity and natural charm that is altogether delightful. We see young Raleigh and his companion reclining on the quaint stone pier of a Devonshire seaport as, with eyes wide-spread in wonder, they listen to the marvellous tales of travel and adventure that fall from the old sea-dog's lips. Those were stirring times indeed. The great mysterious East had not yet been opened up to English commerce, and all that was known about the distant lands which lay beyond the far horizon was necessarily limited to the vague accounts given by those few stragglers who had by some chance or another found their way thither. No wonder, then, that all such information was eagerly assimilated by those at home who dearly longed to see the cross of St. George bravely flying in those unknown seas. It is to be doubted, however, whether the gallant adventurer ever obtained a more appreciative audience than the present, and it is probable that his narrations are more than usually richly embellished with those wild improbabilities and reckless inconsistencies on which the youthful mind ever loves to dwell in rapturous contemplation.

A pathetic interest attaches itself to the picture in the fact that Millais's two sons, George and Everett, were the originals of Raleigh and his companion. Both are now deceased, but the fair one died before he had attained to man's estate, and his death was said to be the grief of his father's life.

A different order of painting altogether is seen in Mr. G. L. Schmutzler's "The Dancing Hour." It is more varied both in theme and colouring. The dancing lesson has served a hundred painters, and here we find it pressed once more into active service. The four ladies are certainly very shapely, and their attitudes are of the utmost grace, while their tutor himself is not lacking in those attributes

which go to make up the outwardly pleasing man. Without doubt, he considers himself a very fine fellow indeed, and the gesture with which he directs his violin bow towards the fair pupil's pedal extremities is altogether superb. It is a real pleasure to come across a roomful of people all of whom are so thoroughly well-pleased with themselves.

There are few artists who have had a more varied experience of life than Mr. F. D. Millet, whose painting, "Between Two Fires," we have reproduced. Mr. Millet is an American by birth, the son of a Massachusetts doctor, and started life as a drummer-boy in the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, subsequently being promoted to the rank of assistant contract-surgeon in the same corps. Then he drifted into journalism and became the correspondent of the *Daily News* during the Russo-Turkish War. Art was the next to engage his attention, and some time was spent at Antwerp studying in the art schools of that city.

Mr. Millet has the comedian's eye for a humorous situation, and many of his canvases depict the embarrassing situations in which the austere Puritan occasionally finds himself placed. In the present instance we see a stern-looking gentleman, somewhat sour of countenance, attired in a steeple-jack hat, black cloak, and wide white collar. He appears to be anxious to return thanks before falling to upon the substantial repast that is set before him, but finds his attention diverted by the two saucy serving-maids, who, amused at his idiosyncrasies of attire and behaviour, keep up a running fire of searching comment and good-humoured raillery. It is a pity that the gentleman's harsh and rigid creed prevents him from enjoying a situation that to other men would be the reverse of disagreeable.

The picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1892, was purchased under the Chantrey Trust, and now hangs in the national collection at Millbank.

In the next picture, "Good-bye," by the well-known artist, Mr. Herbert Dicksee, it may be mentioned that for the colouring of this picture Mr. Dicksee is not responsible. The tints, as they appear in our reproduction, were chosen by another artist, a great admirer

of Mr. Dicksee's work. Mr. Dicksee made an original study in colours in which the girl's dress was pink, but in a second sketch he altered it to pale blue.

The importance of the colour scheme to a picture is, of course, very considerable. The tone of a pigment may make all the difference between success and failure; a slight variation of tint may write an entirely new meaning into a composition. One reads of artists who, after long attempts to find the colour which they have intuitively felt to be essential to their picture, were at length driven to give up the search in despair. But one day the accidental upsetting of a glass of claret, or some such trifling incident, has given them the key to what they had so long been seeking. An interesting question here presents itself. What would the masterpieces in our national galleries look like if they had been painted in entirely different schemes of colour? Would Titian's "Ganymede" be any the less impressive if the flowing scarf depicted therein had been coloured blue instead of red? Or should we recognise Rembrandt's "Old Lady" if one day we were to find that the sober browns and blacks of her costume had been discarded for garments of a more flamboyant hue?

We have in the present picture another theme that has inspired the brushes of many hundreds of artists, but it is too good a subject to become wearisome by repetition, and each delineator of the little tragedy but serves to show it in another aspect. A maiden, clad in flowing pink, is taking a last wistful look at the old home which is to be hers no longer. To-morrow the voice of the stranger will be heard in those ancient halls, hallowed by so many sweet associations of childhood, and so to-day she takes a long farewell of those favourite haunts to which time and circumstance have alike endeared her. The faithful hound she clasps by the collar looks as if he, too, understood and shared with her the fond regret of parting. "The garden background," writes Mr. Dicksee to THE STRAND, "was taken from Penshurst Place, in Kent. The deerhound was etched from my old hound, Sir Brian, who won many prizes at dog shows, and was my constant companion for thirteen years."



"BUTTERFLY DAYS."

By J. HALLAVOINE.

(By permission of The Berlin Photographic Co., 113, New Bond Street, London, W.)

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Pictures Grave and Gay.



TO conjure up on canvas scenes of pretty childhood, to depict in glowing colours the clear-eyed, fresh-complexioned, and chubby-featured countenances of diminutive and immature humanity, and to produce pictures that shall stand out clearly from among the artistic idiosyncrasies of many modern painters - by reason of their inherent wholesomeness of *motto* and cheerfulness of composition - such is the aim of Mr. Joseph Clark, whose "Three Little Kittens" is reproduced herewith.

Personally, we confess to a decided pre-

dilection for "picture children." For "picture children" are seldom obtrusive; they are always clean, pretty, and smiling; and when you walk away they do not run after you with sticky fingers and slobbery mouths. Mr. Joseph Clark's trio are no exception to the rule, and, in spite of their torn frocks and tattered garments, they preserve an air of cheerful equanimity which is refreshing to beho'd. But we fear that they are not always like this in real life, for we are assured by the artist that the models were taken from London children belonging to the poorest of the poor, and we know that the lot of such unfortunates is, frequently, far from a happy one.



"THREE LITTLE KITTENS."

By J. CLARK

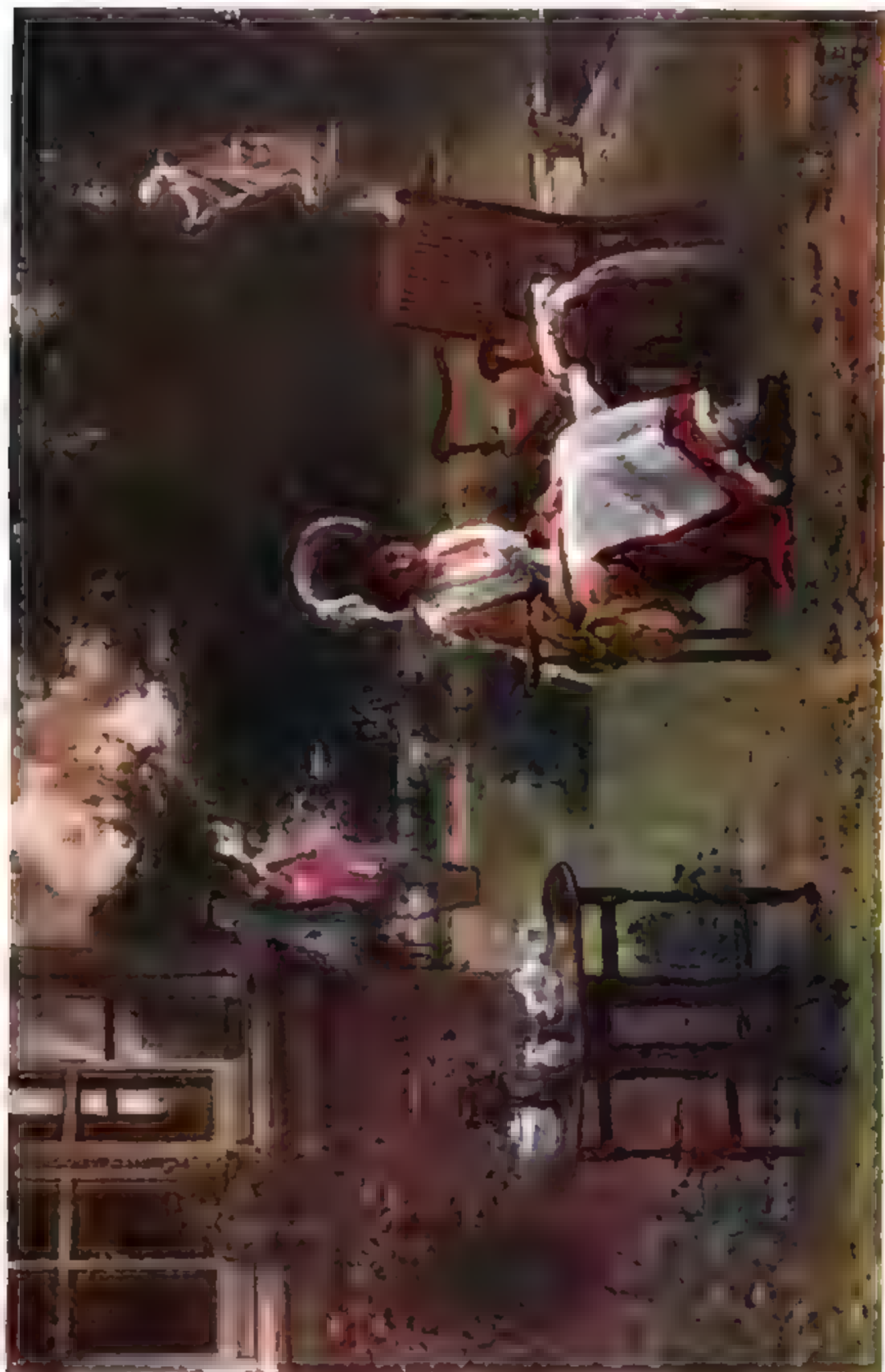
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"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST"

(By permission of Constable & Co., 25 Bedford Street Strand London. Owners of the Copyright.)

By T. M. HEWY



IN THE SHADE

BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

(By permission of C. F. Clifford & Co., the Publishers, 21 Haymarket, London, W.)



"BEFORE."

By C. DE LORT

(By permission of Goupil & Co., 25, Bedford Street Strand, London, Owners of the Copyright.)

"Three Little Kittens," the artist has named his picture. "Six Little Kittens" might have been a more fitting appellation, for it is difficult to say which are the more irresponsible, right hearted, and joyous—the three children as they cluster together beneath the battered wreck of what was once an umbrella, or the tiny, furry bundles of pussyhood which they are so fondly nursing

"The subject was suggested," writes Mr. Joseph Clark to *THE STRAND*, "as I was walking through a field near Winchester. Two ragged children were sitting under the hedge with a broken umbrella between them, and my friend said, 'There is a subject for you.' Some time after my return to London I gave the subject further consideration, and it resulted in my putting three children, each



BEHIND."

By C. DE LORT

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hearing a kitten, into the picture. Hence the title. My background was painted near Weybridge."

Albeit to painters and poets, as to adventurous youth, the sea, in its unfathomable grandeur, its mystery, its beauty, is ever irresistible, to limn the great ocean on canvas, destitute of boats, shorn of shipping, with nothing but the heaving waters and the

lowering clouds, requires a special order of genius. As Clarkson Stanfield once observed, "Many paint the sea as a mere accessory, as an adjunct to incident, tragic, comic, or picturesque, or as relief to the landscape."

Ocean himself does not appeal to all, but the charm of sea-life at second-hand is potent, alluring, overpowering to all. The novelists of the sea, or those who have



IN A MOMENT, A MYSTERY

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' I WANT HER UP TO TENDERLY,
LIFT HER WITH CARE

recounted their experiences afloat, have given us thrilling pictures of a wreck in mid-ocean in the midst of the angry waters. The scene has almost become familiar. The cry of the watch, the summoning of all hands to the pumps, the tattered sails, shattered masts, the cries of the doomed passengers, the shouting of the crew as each man, from skipper to cabin-boy, tears hither and thither athwart the wave-washed deck—the picture has been conjured up by a thousand writers before Captain Marryat and since.

And then the slow, pitiless careening of the great hulk in the trough of the sea; those terrible hours that often intervene ere rescue come or the merciless waves close over all for ever; those hours of mingled prayer and execrations, of cold and hunger, of hope and despair—all vivid with us is this terrible scene since the full accounts of the wreck of that splendid ship, the *Berlin*, but a few months back. Is it rescue? Then what hysterical overflowing of long pent emotions, as the gallant lifeboat moves pluckily onwards to snatch them from the very jaws of death. What wonder if strong nerves yield at last to the strain, and men who have stolidly withstood the terrors of despair, of hunger and cold, who have never flinched from death, should suddenly collapse and sob aloud!

Yet how much is it to the credit of manhood—of British manhood, at least—when, no matter how great the love of life, how fierce the strain, how dreadful the plight, with doom still impending—for the rescuing craft is tiny and frail—one cry only arises and one command is tacitly obeyed, "Women and Children First!"

Thus in brief is the theme of Mr. Hemy's picture. A tiny girl in the arms of a stout mariner is the first to descend the rope. The others, huddled together on the deck, watch in anxious suspense, as one by one the passengers are lowered. "Will the ship hold out till all are rescued?" Such is the question that with pale lips and faltering utterance they ask one another. And the answer? That must, we think, depend on the individual temperament of the beholder.

It is charged against Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., that his pictures are all "so much alike." But so are roses and foliage and sunsets. A thing of beauty, too, as one of this artist's friends recently reminded us, is a joy for ever. Besides, Mr. Marcus Stone's pictures owe much of their sameness to a similarity of setting and of costume. How he came to select the latter may be best told in the artist's own words:—

"The costume of to-day is not that of to-morrow, and it is not always easy to get it accepted as poetical and artistic. Accordingly I chose the costume of a generation or two before our own—a costume modern and yet sufficiently remote to stamp it with a certain fixedness and a certain poetry."

The present picture, "In the Shade," shows us a corner of a delightful old English garden. Tea is just over, and those who had recently congregated around the fragrant stew have now wandered away, *deux à deux*, to other parts of the spacious grounds, leaving lonely and disconsolate the pretty maiden seen sitting in the foreground. She is "in the shade"—the others have neglected her—and she wistfully wonders why it should be her lot to be left companionless while her sisters do not lack for gallants. But we venture to think that the dainty damsel will not long be allowed to mope by herself; we should lose all faith else in man as a connoisseur of beauty.

"The subject," writes Mr. Marcus Stone to *THE STRAND*, "was suggested by a late afternoon effect in my own garden. The background is more or less a true version of a portion of my house and garden as it was more than a quarter of a century ago—in no other case have I painted an actual scene in any of my pictures. The young maiden in the foreground was painted from several professional models."

Like so many genre painters M. de Lort finds a happy field for his pictorial excursions in the eighteenth century. "Before" and "Behind" tell their own story and almost render letterpress superfluous. Human nature makes all akin when Cupid sends his darts among high-born and low-born alike.

The scene is fair Normandy. The young squire, returning from the village in his cabriolet, with Jacques by his side, meets the fair Mlle. Hortense walking demurely by the roadside, to whom he gallantly offers a lift. She blushing accepts, not, we fear, without inward flutterings of anticipation as to what may happen when the chestnut colt warms to his paces, and the squire is encouraged to unburden himself of his amatory opinions. The episode may well have been described by Sterne. When Hortense accepts the polite invitation to ride in front, her maid, Jeanne, is fain to close with Jacques' offer that she shall ride with him behind. The vehicle proceeds; young monsieur does unbosom himself; his arm steals around the lady's neck, and his lips fondly press her cheek. What would groom and handmaiden say were they to witness such behaviour?

Suppose they were to be seen? "*Taisez-vous, Monsieur Charles!*" And what are the prim Jeanne and the quiet Jacques doing all this time? Folding their hands, of course, and admiring the landscape, or discussing the price of geese and pullets at Chablais market. We turn to the companion picture and behold the youth, more audacious than his master, with both arms about the lady, and she, less coy than her mistress, encircles his neck with one of hers! Such a position entails some inconvenience and not a little danger even, considering their perch and the state of the road, and Jeanne has this very instant lost her basket with the whole of its contents. But love is blind! She scarce seems sensible of the loss and clasps the doting scapegrace closer, which is probably as well, because he seems to have no other means of support and safety. The falling basket, however, nearly brings tragedy to two other lovers—bipeds also, but feathered, who are coquetting in the roadway. This last touch completes the triple comedy of what might fairly be entitled "*Cupid's Car; or, Like Master, Like Man.*"

Poetry and painting are twin sisters; they go hand in hand together. Nearly every great picture is, in its way, a poem, and the converse of this is no less true. It is not surprising, then, to find that so many painters seek inspiration for their themes in the lines of their favourite poets; and few poems, perhaps, have been so widely resorted to in this respect as Tom Hood's famous "*Bridge of Sighs.*"

"One of the noblest and, speaking of fancy, one of the most singularly fanciful of modern poets," wrote Edgar Allan Poe of the great Irish lyricist. Then, speaking of the "*Bridge of Sighs*," he adds: "The vigour of this poem is no less remarkable than its pathos. The versification, although carrying the fanciful to the verge of the fantastic, is nevertheless admirably adapted to the wild insanity which is the thesis of the poem."

The passage selected by Mme. Amyot for illustration in the picture we reproduce runs as follows:—

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair.
Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

The artist shows us the Thames Embankment by night—

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light.

A lady and gentleman, returning late from the theatre, come to be the chance spectators of one of those pathetic tragedies which are, alas! so frequently associated with England's stately waterway. From the sluggish-flowing, dark, mysterious waters the body of "one more unfortunate" has just been rescued. The richness of the lady's attire offers a striking contrast with the torn and bedraggled garments of the young suicide, while her horror-struck countenance emphasizes the remoteness of such incidents of sordid misery from her own pampered and luxurious existence.

But it is not tragedy alone that Mme. Amyot has here given us. The scene savours strongly of melodrama; and in melodrama we always look for comic relief. This is amply provided for in the figure of the attendant husband. The mere fact that he is smoking a cigarette proclaims him at once for what he is. "He smokes and smokes and is a villain!" we are tempted to exclaim, slightly to parody a not unknown quotation. Truly a hardened ruffian of the typical Drury Lane variety, to whom the poor dead girl presumably owes her misfortune.

In the tout shown in the background we have a graphic delineation of one of those strange night-birds who infest the streets of London after dark. For him the tragic incident has little interest. No doubt he rather welcomes it as being instrumental in putting a few coppers into his own pocket. All is grist that comes to his mill.

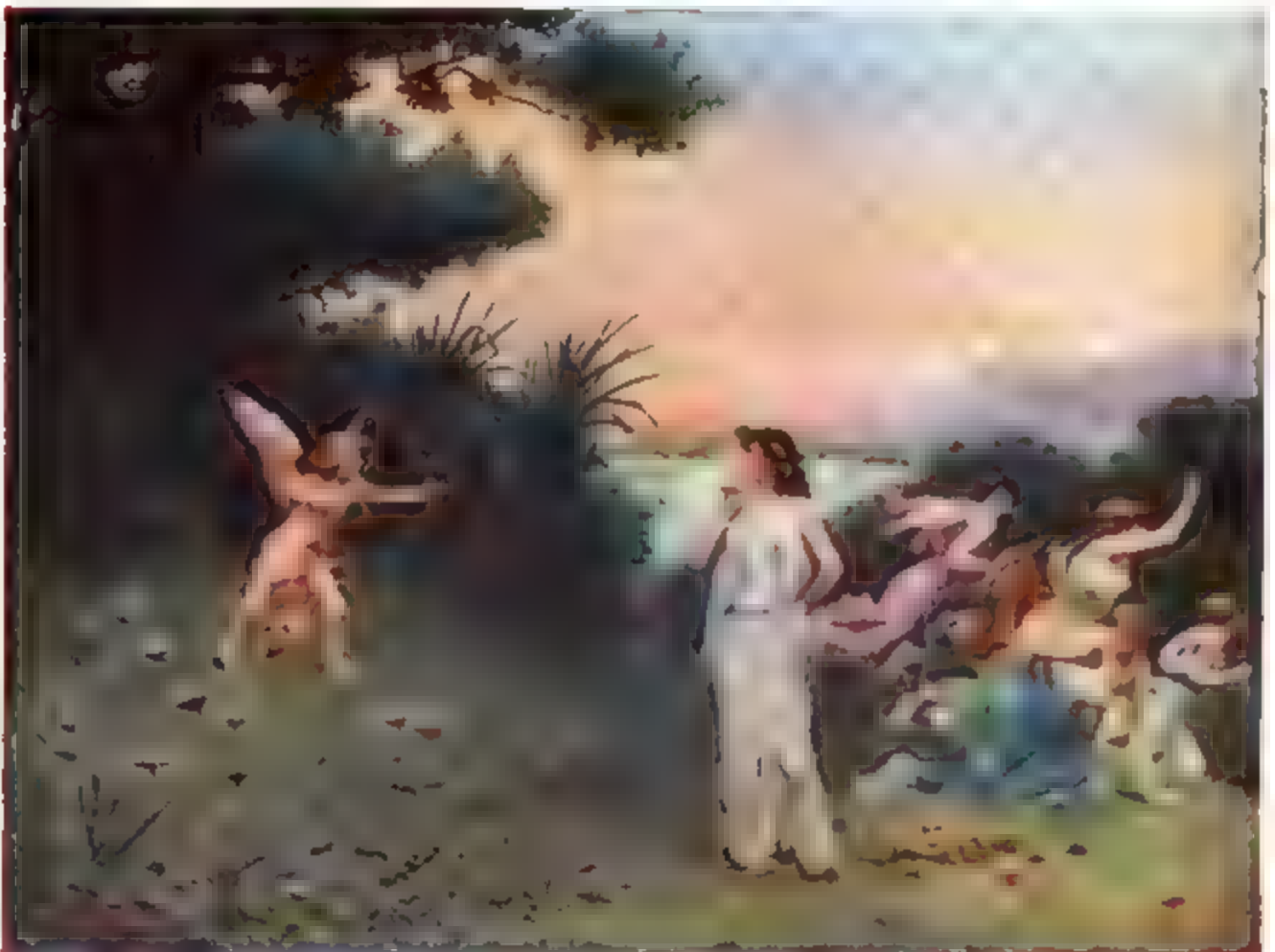
Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun.

In "*Butterfly Days*," by J. Ballavoine, which is reproduced in our frontispiece, we see, presumably, this artist's type of ideal beauty. Certainly the maiden is comely enough to please the most fastidious, but we confess that the garb of the early eighties is not the setting in which we are wont to enshrine our own particular Venus. It is old fashioned enough, certainly, yet hardly sufficiently distant from us to be acclaimed picturesque. Moreover, we doubt very much whether the costume of the mid-Victorian era will ever become a source of æsthetic delight to connoisseurs of future ages. But, in spite of this, it cannot be denied that the ensemble is charming.



"LOVE ASLEEP."

By JEAN WAGERZ.



"LOVE AWAKE."

By JEAN WAGERZ.

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiv.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

No. 201.

Some Popular French Paintings.



AMONG the pictures which tell a story—"incident pictures," as they have been called—there are those which, like Lady Diana Flamborough or Huckleberry Finn and his friend, may be said to "hunt in couples." Each is the complement or continuation of the other. Many painters almost make a speciality of this species of pictorial com-

surveying with deep interest the recumbent figure of the god Cupid. The landscape bespeaks the height of summer. The air seems full of warmth and magic and the song of birds. The figures of the young women in their soft-hued draperies are graceful and fascinating to the eye. Their attitudes imply a mingled curiosity and surprise.

We turn swiftly from this picture to the next—and, lo! Cupid, arisen from his



"TWO MAJESTIES."

By J. L. GÉRÔME.

(By permission of Goupil & Co., 25, Bedford Street, Strand, London, Owners of the Copyright.)

position. Thus we have "Night and Morning," "Awake and Asleep," "Anticipation and Realization," and countless other themes. In every country these pictures enjoy a great popularity, but nowhere more so than in France. They furnish the element of surprise. One is the postulate and the other is the consequence. One furnishes the thesis and the other the antithesis. The one excites our pleasurable anticipation, the other realizes it.

One of the most charming painters of this species of twin *tableaux* is Jean Wagrez. The first of the pair herewith reproduced shows us a group of six beautiful maidens

slumbers, has caught them all unawares. His bow is bent, the shaft is ready to fly, and all the maidens take tumultuously to their heels. All save she who, garbed in white, is proof against Love's arrows. In sweet rebuke is her forefinger raised. She will be fancy free—unsmitten to the end by Cupid's shafts. Yet it is towards her that the god persists in directing his arrow. We should almost have a third picture here to show us whether the haughty virgin falls a victim to love or no. Only perhaps the artist would labour under some difficulty in depicting such a devotion.

M. Jean Leon Gerome has won an inter



"ROUTED"

L. A. PARIS

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"THE MASTERPIECE."

By P. A. SCHAAP

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national reputation by reason of his many and powerfully diverse achievements in art. Few pictures more impressive, more significant than "Two Majesties" ever left his easel. There is the great illimitable desert, stretching away from the lonely lake in the heart of Africa. Seated on a rock in the foreground a huge lion gazes fixedly, perhaps angrily, at a blood-red sun. The dominion of the king of beasts is invaded by the blazing monarch of the heavens. The silent, ineffable solitude of the landscape is admirably expressed. The juxtaposition of these two majestic objects kindles the imagination. No such spectacle as this was, perhaps, ever witnessed by mortal eye, but its suggestiveness, its magic, may be felt by the most common place denizen of the dreariest slums of Europe's teeming cities.

And now we are whisked suddenly to the wild mountain

passes of Morocco. The lawless deeds of the renowned bandit Raisuli are still so fresh in the public mind that any picture showing us something of the romance and mystery of those strange Eastern lands is doubly attractive. That the marvellous exploits of the Moors and Bedouins are occasionally marked by defeat as well as victory is shown by M. Paris's dramatic picture, "Routed," where we see the scattered fragments of a beaten host rushing pell-mell from the scene of their disaster. Through the wild mountain passes they gallop precipitately, daring not to draw rein while their triumphant foe thunders at their heels. To the left we see a riderless horse who, snorting with terror, has joined in the mad stampede, leaving maybe his master to bleed to death upon the sun-scorched plain. But, then—such is the fortune of war!

Another typical picture—this



"CATASTROPHE"

By P. A. SCHAAP

(By permission of A. Le Vasseur & Co., Paris. Owners of the Copyright.)



"MUSKETEER—TIME OF LOUIS XIII."

By J. L. E. MEISSONIER

time of a light comedy turn—engages our attention. We do not need Briand Savarin or the famous Soveral to remind us that the tragedies of the salon are as nothing to the tragedies of the kitchen. "What," sings Britain's famous librettist, "are broken hearts upstairs to broken tarts below?" The

in sugar, flour, eggs, and rare fruits. In the great dining-room his master and a large company presumably await its arrival. Accordingly, at the close of the feast, M. Pierre takes it up gingerly, with joyous pride surging in his breast. On this he has staked his professional reputation. His inamorata,



"ANXIETY."

By M. MOISAN.

(By permission of A. Le Vasseur & Co., Paris, Owners of the Copyright.)



"COVETOUSNESS."

fractured galantine or the masterpiece of monumental confectionery destroyed may wring the bosom of a *chef* far more than any mere affair of the affections.

In M. Schaan's pictures a cook of Louis XV's reign has achieved a *chef d'œuvre*

the pretty femme de toilette de Madame la Marquise, regards Pierre and the noble fruit of his genius with unfeigned admiration.

But alas for human hopes! Alas for the mutability of human affairs!—there is many a slip betwixt the cuisine and the salon. At



"MORNING PARADE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON."

(By permission of Colnag & Co. 75 Bedford Street Strand, London, Owners of the Copyright.)

By EDOUARD DETAILLE.

the foot of the stairs in the grand hall Pierre's foot stumbles over a crack in the glistening marble tiles, and presto! the masterpiece is shattered into a hundred fragments. Overwhelming as the catastrophe is, it is rendered worse by the presence of Pierre's hated rival, the Marquess's lackey, who, unrestrained by decency, roars with laughter at the terrible mishap.

A great incentive was given to Meissonier's pictorial genius by the works of the elder, and greater, Dumas. It was while painting at Auteuil that the master of *genre* first made the acquaintance (between paper covers) of those doughty heroes of fiction—D'Artagnan, Athos, and Porthos. It was that, perhaps, more than any other single cause that sent Meissonier back for his subjects to the first half of the seventeenth century. A friend writing at his death relates how, sipping his sherbet on the boulevards, the painter would exclaim as the human kaleidoscope revolved itself before his gaze: "Look, there goes Porthos!" "Sapristi, what an admirable D'Artagnan!" "Buckingham to the life!" and so on.

When the "Musketeer" was painted in 1856 Meissonier was at the height of his powers and renown. Crossing the Place de la Concorde one afternoon in autumn his attention was attracted by a stalwart sergent de ville standing beneath a lamp-post and surveying with a lofty air the movements of the passers-by. Meissonier stopped and engaged him in conversation. The man was friendly, respectful—even deferential. Before they parted the painter said: "Can you come and see me when off duty?" "Certainly, M. Meissonier," was the response. The great artist smiled. "Then you know me!" "All the world knows M. Meissonier," said the sergent de ville. "I myself am a great admirer of his paintings. I go to see them whenever I can."

The upshot was a tri-weekly appointment was made at Meissonier's studio, and a few months later Paris and the world was richer by one of the painter's most masterly studies. "Afterwards," said Meissonier, "whenever I pass my sergent de ville at the foot of the Champs Elysées in his sombre cloak and *lépi* and his dingy trousers, I find myself regretting more than ever the loss the world has sustained in bidding adieu in modern life to the costume of the thirteenth Louis. What a fine figure of a man my Lupin was, and how old Richelieu would have rejoiced in him, nobody, but for my picture, would ever have guessed."

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Napoleon III. saw and admired the "Musketeer." Indeed, it was this picture that first attracted the Emperor to Meissonier's genius. Through his incomparable rococo pictures Meissonier first won fame; his representations of scenes from French military history were a later development of his art. In 1859 the Emperor selected the celebrated painter to accompany the French army to Italy. Napoleon was very fond of drawing parallels between himself and his mighty uncle, and it was his idea that Meissonier should paint a series of pictures wherein he should be depicted as enveloped in the mantle of "le petit caporal" and adding fresh deeds of glory to France's roll of fame.

One only, however, of the intended series was painted. This portrayed the Battle of Solferino, and represented the Emperor overlooking the contest from a height in the midst of his staff. But it was not the painter's fault that the succession of parallels was never completed. Napoleon had no further deeds of arms to record—so there was nothing else to depict! In 1870 Meissonier was again invited to accompany the French army. But after the first battle had been fought—and lost—the painter decided to return home. He had no objection to limning forth the great military triumphs of France, but to immortalize a mournful tale of disaster and retreat was more than his patriotic spirit could bear.

It has been said that, amongst all painters of modern times, Meissonier is the only one whose pictures during his lifetime fetched prices such as are reached only by the famous Old Masters of the greatest epochs. But, in spite of his later successes, his early struggle for fame was full of privations. When in 1832, tired of the tedious monotony of clerical life, he gave up his apprenticeship with Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, to become a painter, he had only fifteen francs a month to spend. It has been calculated, however, that during his lifetime he painted no less than twenty million francs' worth of pictures, and that for each centimetre of canvas he covered with pigments he received a tariff of about five thousand francs.

M. Moisan is one of the cleverest animal painters on the other side of the Channel. His pictures of homely canine incident enjoy a wide vogue, and in the first of the present pair, to which he has given the title "Inquiétude," a female pointer surveys with true maternal distress her three offspring flung in a pannier suspended on a stable-door. But in spite of her searching inquiries

the unhappy puppies are unable to throw any light on the situation, and continue to gaze with faces expressive of agonized appeal at their bewildered parent. "How will she get them down?" is the question busily revolving in her brain. Surely this provides an excellent companion query to the time honoured conundrum of the donkey and the carrots.

In the second picture the cupidity of a couple of spaniels is aroused by the spectacle of the appetizing game hung just out of their reach. They are in very much the same predicament as our friend the pointer, and a solution satisfactory to the one would no doubt be equally successful in solving the others' difficulty.

Passing along the walls of our miniature Gallic picture gallery we next come to a familiar London scene delineated by a famous painter on the other side of the Channel. One of Meissonier's favourite pupils was M. Edouard Detaille, whose picture, "Morning Parade at the Tower of London," we have reproduced. His earlier works consisted chiefly of pretty little costume pictures from the Directoire period, but he soon abandoned these to devote himself entirely to the painting of those military pictures for which his name is famous.

One of the favourite haunts of M. Detaille during his residence in London was the Tower, and it is not unnatural that typical scenes in that celebrated fortress should have attracted the artist's skill. We are shown the Parade with Beauchamp Tower in the distance. A regiment is going through its early morning drill. To the left the regimental band fills the air with martial strains, while in the foreground a white-bearded Beefeater—veteran of a hundred fights—points out objects of interest to the assembled spectators.

"I am pleased," writes M. Detaille to THE STRAND, "to hear that you are reproducing in your interesting publication (THE STRAND MAGAZINE) a water-colour that I executed more years ago than I care to remember. Regarding the circumstances which led me to paint this subject, I was impressed by the picturesqueness of the scene, by the majestic environment, and the contrast of the brilliant uniforms, in a frame so severe as that of the Tower of London. It is a spectacle such as one can see in London alone, and which has no equivalent in any other place.

"This very typical *mise en scène* was truly seducing, and I did my best to reproduce it,

going every day at the hour of parade to make sketches of the subject and water-colour studies, so as carefully to note the effect.

"All the figures were drawn from Nature, and, if the fashions have changed a little, it must be remembered that this picture was painted in 1880—which does not prevent me from accusing myself of making one of the belts very much too long—that of the officer in full uniform who stands to the left of the picture.

"In penning these lines, my eye falls on a photograph of the picture which hangs on the wall of my studio, and it recalls to me many happy memories, as are, indeed, all those I have carried away with me from every visit which I have made to England."

A great many of this artist's subjects are taken from the war of 1870, and his most celebrated work, "Salut aux Blessés," depicts a graceful incident from this otherwise grim campaign. A troop of wounded Prussian officers and men, marching along a country road, happen to pass a French general surrounded by his staff, who, with old-time chivalry, salute the wounded men.

It has been said that, as a delineator of martial scenes, M. Detaille surpasses even his great teacher. There is, declares one eminent critic, "less laboriousness and more lightness, less calculation and more sincerity" in his work. But it is not only as a military painter that M. Detaille excels. He is, in addition, a portrait painter of no mean order, and among the distinguished subjects who have sat to his brush may be mentioned the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the Emperor of Russia.

At M. Detaille's studio in Paris there is usually a great picture in course of preparation, involving the employment of many models and accessories. No pains are spared by the painter to secure the most absolute fidelity. A recent picture showed a great city of conflagration, with the fire brigade actively engaged in quelling the flames. To obtain his effects hundreds of sketches had to be taken at night while a great bonfire lit up the swarthy, helmeted visages of the firemen models. So, in his battle-pieces, first-hand studies had to be made, not only from the quick, but also from the dead. M. Detaille is said to be the only painter who has personally engaged a troop of cavalry to charge pell-mell through a lonely village where he, sketchbook in hand, was a solitary spectator.

BEAUTY and

the CAMERA.



ORTRAITURE
in England, as
a wit once re-
marked, is either
solar or insular.
We may leave

the gibe for the painters to deal with; we have at present to speak only of the art in which the sun is prime factor, and the lens, sensitive plate, and paper are contributory. It is possible that Daguerre's great discovery has not achieved all for which its disciples once hoped. That is a moot point which it is not safe to confide to the judgment of a Royal Academician. Certain it is that within the past few years, in the hands of ingenious and dexterous practitioners, it has made extraordinary strides towards perfection.

In photography, as in painting, a good subject is a prime consideration. On the other hand, what the lens may consider a good subject and so faithfully report may not so strike the retina of Mr. Sargent or of Mr. Cope. How often has the artist of the camera been baffled by the very perfection of the sitter!

"It is a mistake to suppose," says Mr. Lafayette, one of the ablest portrait photographers of the day, "that mere physical beauty lends itself easily to the camera. In fact, I should be rather inclined to reverse the proposition.

"The more beautiful the sitter, the more difficult it becomes to reproduce her glowing charms with any degree of fidelity. For physical attributes alone do not constitute the perfect woman. She has soul, personality, magnetism—call it what you will—and here it is that the camera, save in the hands of the artist, so often is disappointing. It is easy for it to see and record the surface of things. The effects of light and shade may

be reflected with microscopic exactitude, but how often does it happen that the resulting picture is dead, inanimate, and lacking in all semblance of vitality!"

In this respect the painter would seem to have an insuperable advantage over the photographer. The skilful wielder of the brush will so draw out the individuality of his sitter that the finished portrait becomes valuable rather as a psychological study than by reason of its physiological accuracy. Such an apocalypse of soul the camera can with difficulty achieve, albeit it can and often does obtain effects which are exceedingly pleasing to the eye. More especially is this the case with children. Their entire freedom from self consciousness, together with the sprightly proclivities so frequently found among diminutive humanity, renders them delightful subjects for the photographer's art.

Several firms, indeed, make a speciality of this kind of work, and many are the wiles they employ to bring laughter to the lips of their tiny patrons. Certainly the prospect of a portly photographer striving on hands and knees to reproduce the peculiar vagaries of some jungle denizen cannot fail to edify and entertain the most *blasé* of twentieth-century infants.

With the *grande dame*, however, it is different, and few are they who succeed in acquiring what Lady Randolph Churchill has called the "art of being photographed." When the lady of high degree faces the camera she is apt to assume an air of impassive stolidity. The photographer dare not ask her to look pleasant, and if he did his subject would probably relax into an expression of anguished amiability painful to behold. He cannot even emulate Mr. Hogenheimer and dangle a blue monkey in front of her lady-



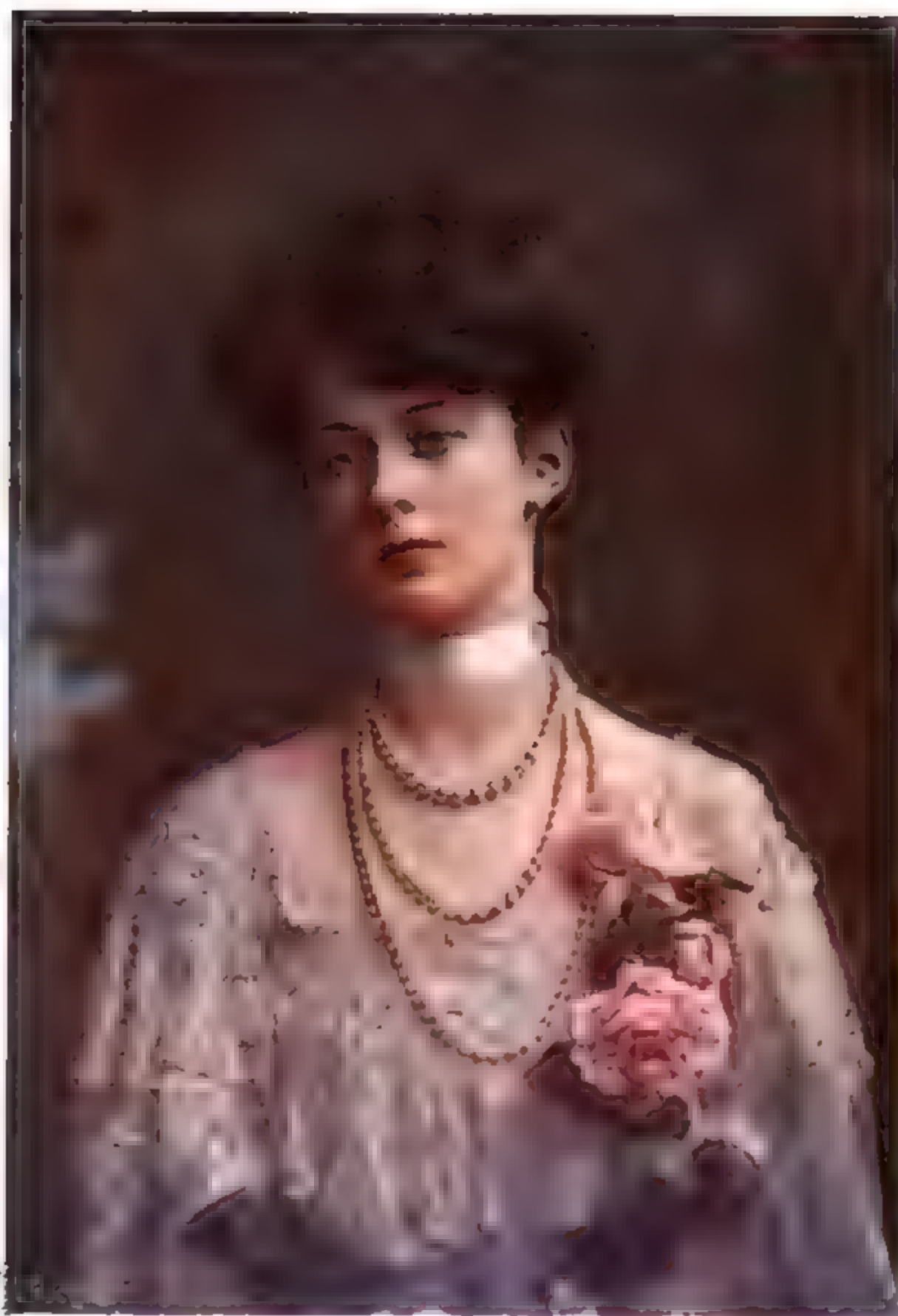
MISS DORIS FERESFORD
by F. J. GORDON & SONS, LTD.



BARONESS DE FOREST
From a Photograph by Lafayette London



THE DUCHESS OF PLESS.
From a Photograph by Lafayette, London



FARDNESS OF FOREST
From Photograph by F. J. J. J.



THE DUCHESS OF PLESS
From a Photograph by L. J. L. L.



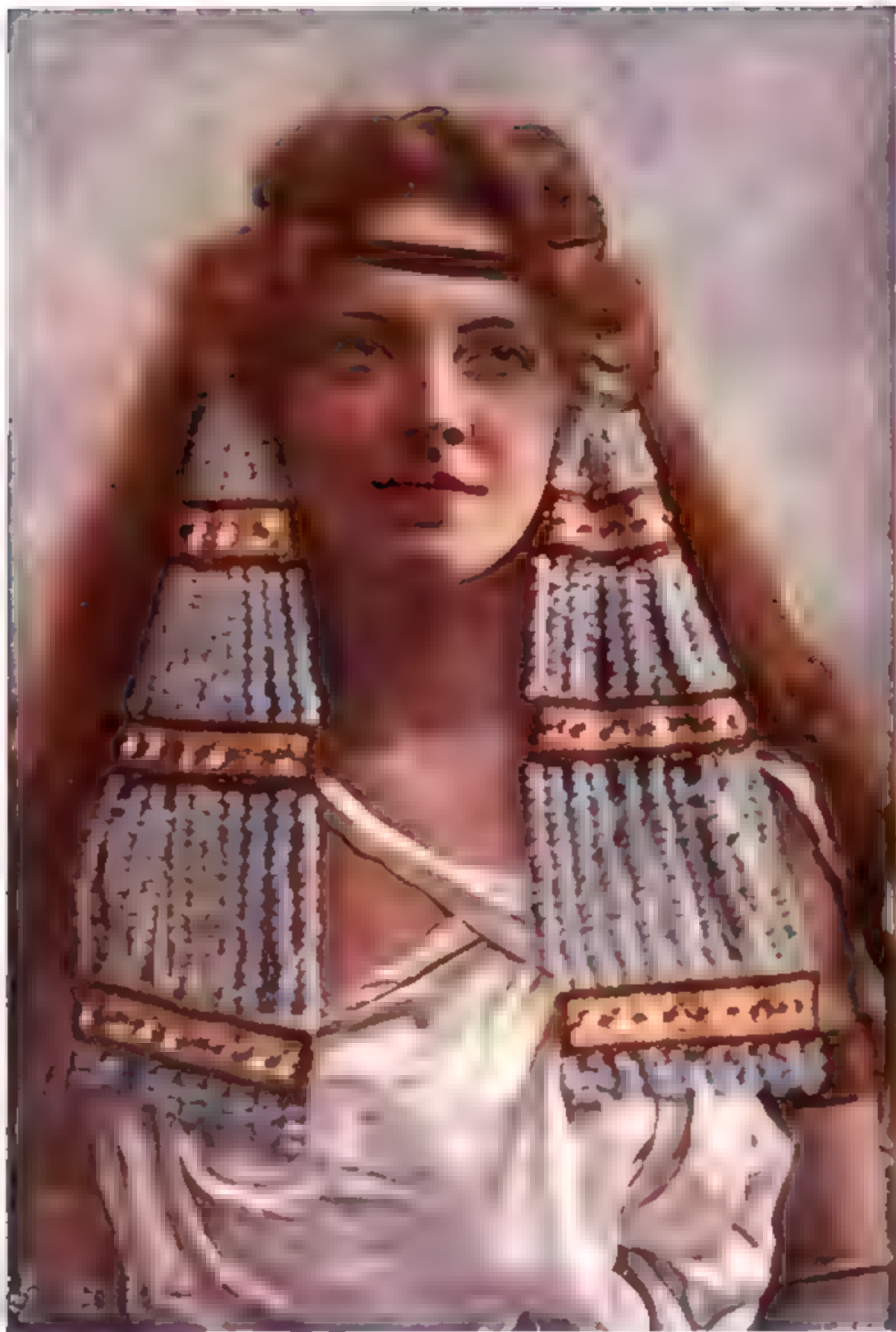
PLATE

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.
From a Photograph by Lafayette, London.



U.C. 8

MISS ELEANOR DE TRAFFORD
From a Photograph by La yette, London.



MISS MARION LINDSAY
From a Photograph by Bassano, London.



MISS GLADYS COOPER
From a *Lithography* by *Bessie* London.



ship's nose. And so a picture is frequently taken which, as an index to the personality of the sitter, is absolutely devoid of value.

What, then, is the secret which causes the aristocratic sitter to reveal so much of her soul to the wielder of paints and pigments, and at the same time to present an impenetrable mask to the photographer? The relations between patron and patronized are stiff and unnatural. There is no unbending—no pretence at geniality. The subject is never at her ease, and expressionless, listless, lifeless portraits are not un seldom the result. Here the actress and the professional beauty has the advantage of her more highly-placed sisters. With many stage darlings, posing to the photographer is quite as important and arduous a profession as pirouetting to the public, and certainly no less remunerative.

"Artist and sitter," observes the head of the firm of Bassano, "must co-operate. Light is the spirit of the medium, but if the spirit is only summoned formally and perfunctorily, what can you expect but a formal and perfunctory result? As to the progress of our art, if you compare the photographs taken to-day with those of twenty odd years ago, you will see what advances have been made. One apparently trifling detail may strike you—we do not insist so much upon contemporary sartorial fashions. Hence come the grace, the freedom, the indefiniteness of a bared neck and shoulders which may belong to any decade, or even to any century."

One of the first of the school of "artistic" photographers, Mrs. Cameron, who flourished in the 'sixties, used to declare that the camera had no business with mere physical beauty, dependent as that is so much upon colouring, but upon "attitude, exact proportions, and expression." Colouring, indeed, promises no longer to limit the achievements of the photographer. The invention of the three-colour process, as it is called, is destined to revolutionize photography. As the reader is doubtless aware, this process involves the making of three negatives, each recording a primary colour, the other two having been screened off from the sensitive plate. When three carbon transparencies from the plates are superimposed, the result is almost the same as if pigments had been employed, for the red and blue make purple, and the yellow and blue form green, and there are, of course, all the intermediary tints. Other systems there are, or on the eve of perfection, which will

enable the camera to reproduce the colours of Nature. But the portrait-painter, nevertheless, professes to be undismayed. He declares that photography can never reproduce character; that it can never express the *soul* of the sitter. Then, again, he denies that a photograph can even be regarded as subjective art, as that art must be which expresses "the feeling of the artist towards his subject as well as the subject itself." In reply to this the photographer points to the various new processes, such as platinum and glycerine and gum-bichromate, which admit of so much direct handwork on the print, and replies that he can now declare his temperament through this medium at least as well as by chalk and brushes and paint.

That art enters largely into photography cannot be denied, and a contemplation of the photographs which accompany this article emphasizes the truth. Take the portrait of Miss Eleanor de Trafford. Is it not full of composition and character, with much of the charm of craftsmanship which we find in a portrait by one of the old British masters?

The Duchess of Westminster and the Duchess of Pless—the two beautiful daughters of Colonel Cornwallis-West—are no novices in the art of sitting to the photographer. Their portraits are glowing with life and vitality, and in looking at them one might easily believe that they are the inspired achievements of some great artist's brush.

What is known as "costume photography" is a branch of the art capable of infinite possibilities, and in the hands of such skilled craftsmen as Messrs. Bassano delightful effects are not infrequently achieved. Whether we regard the sweet simplicity of dress shown in the accompanying picture of Miss Gladys Cooper, or advert to the imperious Egyptian princess with her dangling ropes of pearls and gold-encircled brow, impersonated by Miss Marion Lindsay, we cannot but admire the artistic genius which makes such results possible.

The portrait of Miss Doris Beresford, also reproduced, might easily be taken for one of Lawrence's masterpieces; while in the picture of Baroness de Forest there is a similar delicacy of composition. The almost classical severity of Miss Betty Callish's features lends itself well to the camera, and her portrait deserves a prominent place in any comprehensive gallery of English beauties.



THE THREE SISTERS."
(LADY FORD, MISS ALFORD, AND LADY TENNANT.)

By J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY,
NEW YORK.
THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxxiv

NOVEMBER, 1907.

No. 203.

Present-Day Painters of Beautiful Women.



BEFORE the advent of Mr. Sargent the art of portraiture in England had been for some years under an eclipse. The greatest painters devoted themselves in the main to

subject pictures, and the England of Reynolds and Gainsborough had no contemporary equal to Carolus Duran and Benjamin Constant in France. With Mr. Sargent came a revival of former glories, more particularly as regards women, to



THE HON. MRS. MARSHALL BROOKS.

By SIR LUKE FILDERS R.A.

whose presentment on canvas he has devoted himself ever since his student days.

"The Three Sisters," a striking example of Mr. Sargent's work reproduced in these pages, was *the* picture of the year in 1900, the first time for a long period that portraiture had achieved such a success over all the resources of imagination and romance. The success was not wholly due to the skill of the artist; some of it must be attributed to the personality of "The Three Sisters" themselves—Lady Ilcho, Mrs. Adeane, and Mrs. (now Lady) Tennant. Mr. Sargent had previously shown the technical skill he possesses to the point of genius in other ladies' portraits at the Royal Academy. But this skill had never before been applied to so much charm of feature and grace of manner. There is a marked difference of years in these three daughters of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, but there is a sisterly likeness in beauty which gives harmony without monotony to the work of the painter.

"How can I tell?" replied Sir Joshua Reynolds, when he was asked how some part of his "Infant Hercules" had been painted. "There are a dozen pictures under this." Mr. Sargent's method of painting a portrait is as thorough, although quite different from that of Sir Joshua. He never "paints out," but puts another canvas on his easel and starts afresh when anything in his work displeases him. The number of "false starts" he thus makes is sometimes disconcerting to a sitter who can see no tangible result of two or three sittings, and probably never guesses that it is the difficulty of catching some passing, yet very characteristic, expression of a woman's face which is the cause of the apparent failure. Once a beginning has really been made, however, the painter's rapid use of his brush soon makes up for what the lady would probably describe as "lost time." The pearls, for example, in "The Three Sisters" were each the result of only a single touch—and the critics declared that never had pearls been so well painted. Mr. Sargent, indeed, paints at such high pressure that in the course of a two or three hours' sitting several breaks of a few minutes are needed—even more needed by the artist than by the sitter, tired by the effort to maintain one posture. He usually spends these brief intervals at the pianoforte, music having for the painter in the midst of work the value of both a sedative and a tonic.

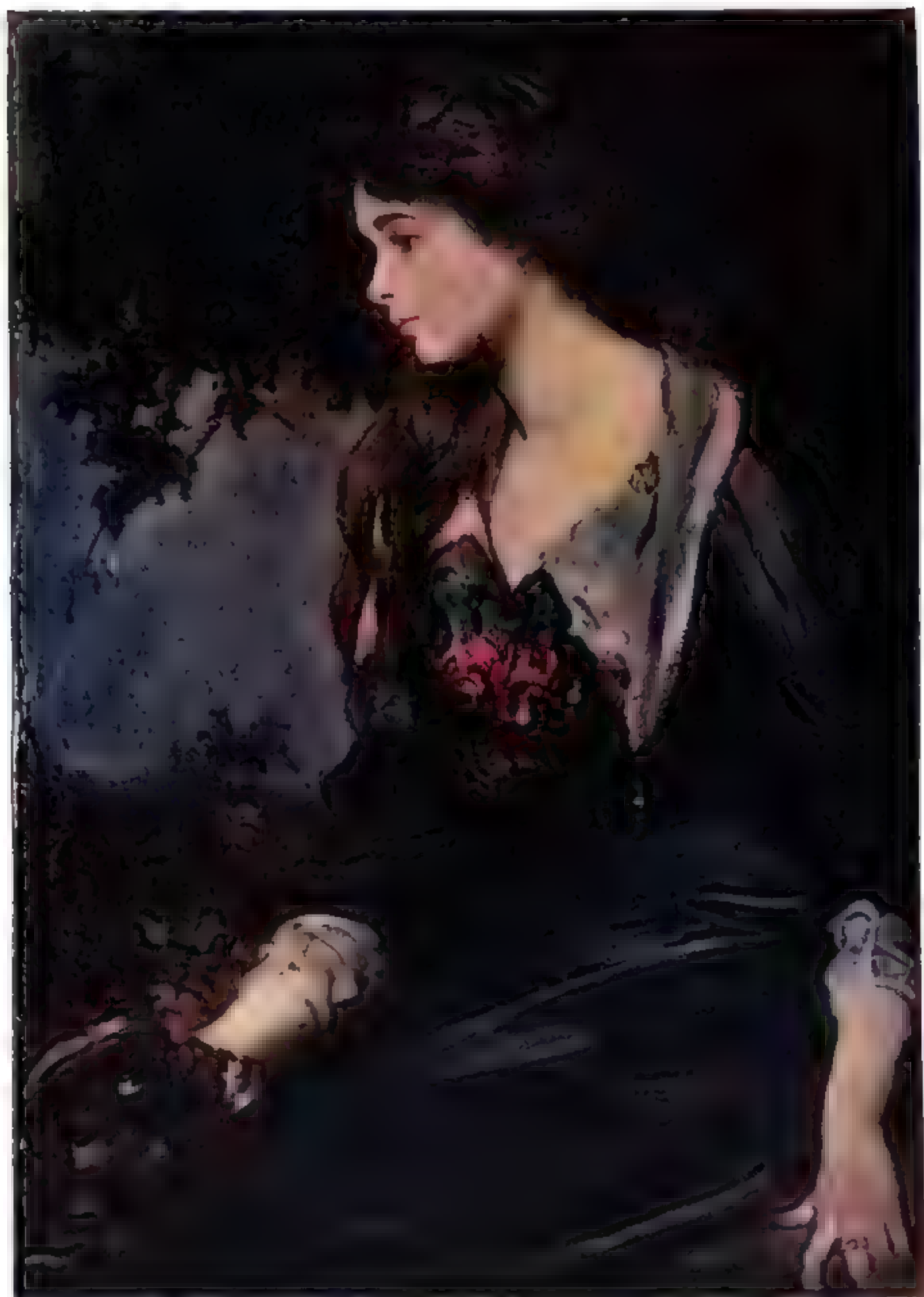
"The Three Sisters," it may be added, was commissioned by the ladies' father, the Hon

Percy Wyndham, in whose house, Clouds, near Salisbury, it now hangs. Clouds is frequently the scene of week-end parties of distinguished politicians and others, and of its art treasures none presents to them a more attractive interest.

It is beauty of girlhood, rather than of womanhood, that Mr. J. J. Shannon has depicted in his portrait of Lady Marjorie Manners, daughter of the Duchess of Rutland. When she was Marchioness of Granby, some years since, Mr. Shannon painted a portrait of the young lady's mother, but it is hardly recalled by the present picture, so different are they in pose and colouring. He always takes great pains with the pose of his sitters, and usually tries on his canvas the effect of several poses before he is convinced that he has discovered the best. As a rule, a "Shannon" portrait is the result of about thirty sittings of two hours each, and he has had as many as fifty. Almost at the eleventh hour, so to speak, he will sometimes make a complete change in the scheme of a portrait.

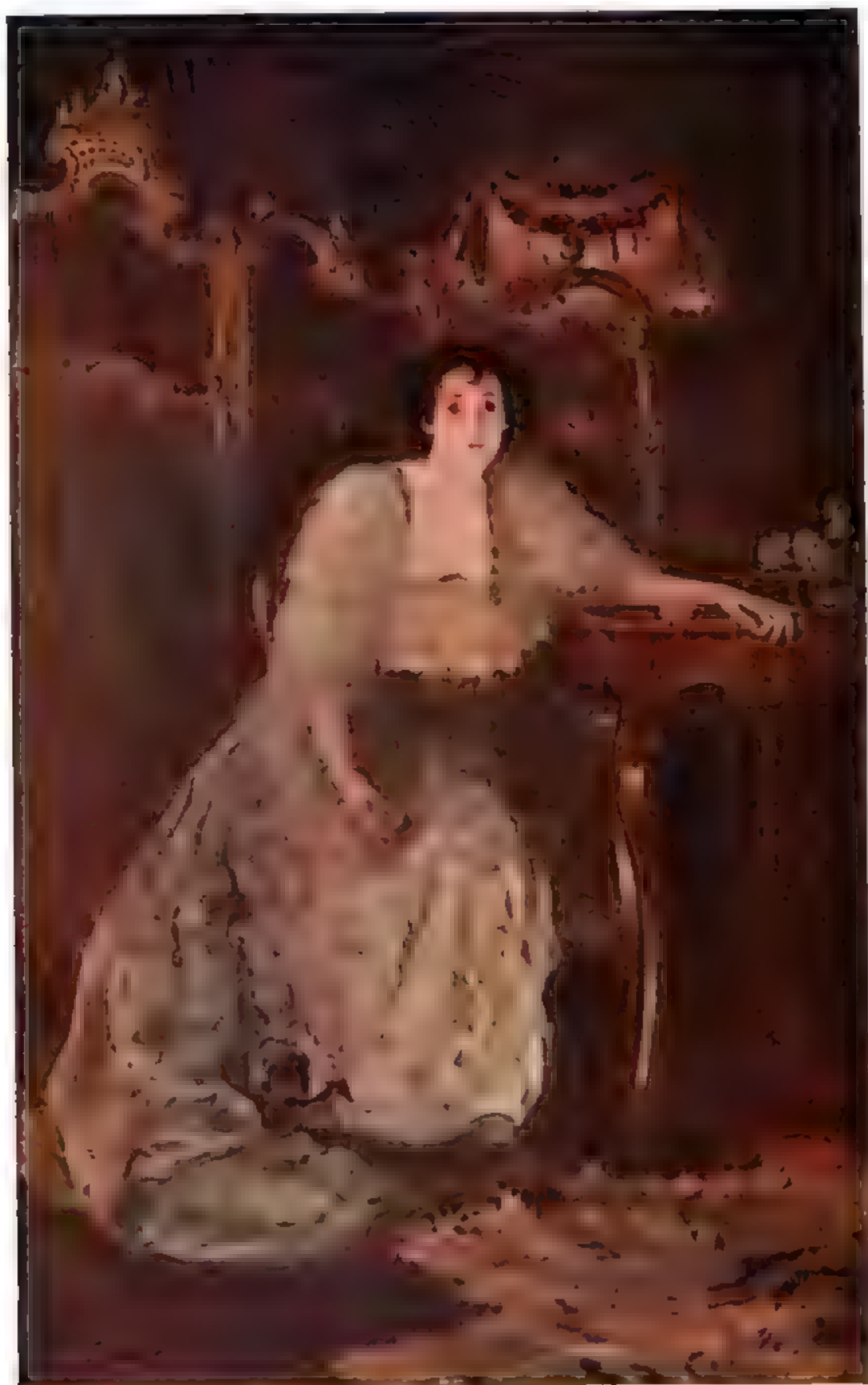
Lady Marjorie Manners's portrait can have presented no problem of pose or colouring; it looks a straightforward piece of work from start to finish. But in the case of ladies of a less simple type of beauty a portrait has sometimes seen strange vicissitudes. Mr. Shannon had almost finished the portrait of a young lady in evening dress. One day as she came into his studio in Holland Park Road his Persian cat met her on the staircase, and she playfully took it into her arms. As she entered the room Mr. Shannon exclaimed: "That is how you ought to be painted!" There was the effect which he had been striving for. He destroyed the almost finished portrait, although it had cost nearly fifty sittings, and painted another of the lady with the cat in her arms.

Several artists have transmitted to canvas the impressive features of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but the only picture which lives in the memory is that now hanging in the Arts Club, London, with the signature of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. It is some years—fourteen, to be exact—since it was painted, when "Mrs. Pat," as her many admirers love to call her, was in the heyday of her stage career with the title part in Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It was in that character, indeed, at a critical moment in the play, that the artist chose to paint her. Mr. Solomon had made a reputation with "Niobe," "Samson and Delilah," and other daring classical subjects, but was not known as a portrait painter. One evening he went



LADY MARJORIE MANNERS.

By I. J. SHANNON. A. R. A.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

By S. J. SOLOMON, R.A.

(By permission of the Committee of the Arts Club.)



MRS. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

By THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.



THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL.

BY ELIS ROBERTS.

to the theatre to see "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and was so taken with the artistic effect of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's appearance in one of the scenes that he exclaimed to his companion, "How I should like to paint her just as she is now!" The remark somehow reached the ears of Mr. Pinero, and through him it was arranged that the picture should be painted. So Mr. Solomon had a miniature stage fitted up at the studio he then worked in at St. John's Wood, with footlights and scenic properties, in order that the play-picture should be exactly reproduced.

"Mrs. Patrick Campbell was a splendid sitter," said Mr. Solomon, in giving this account of the picture, "but was rather capricious, I remember, in keeping her appointments, which is apt to be a failing with ladies, sometimes to the hindrance of a painter's work. And the portrait was finished rather hurriedly because Mr. Campbell, the poor fellow, since killed in South Africa, came home after an absence of nine years. The picture was painted entirely by gas-light, although I corrected faults of colour by daylight." The portrait, it may be added, was painted in ten or twelve sittings, each sitting extending to about three hours.

The portraits of the Hon. Mrs. Marshall Brooks and Mrs. Anthony Hope Hawkins are by artists who are famous for subject pictures. Both Sir Luke Fildes and the Hon. John Collier, however, have had many and distinguished sitters. To the painter of "The Doctor," indeed, has been given the honour of executing portraits of the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. He has painted the Hon. Mrs. Marshall Brooks, who is the wife of a son of Lord Crawshaw, in a style he has much favoured for women's portraits—head and shoulders in an oval frame. Sir Luke Fildes did not paint his first portrait till 1887, after his election as a Royal Academician, the subject being his wife. Of the many ladies' portraits he has since painted, that of Mrs. Marshall Brooks is probably the most successful.

The Hon. John Collier has painted many more men than women, and mostly men, too, of intellectual distinction, such as the late Professor Huxley and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Some of these men's portraits have been very much admired, but in painting the wife of "Anthony Hope" he has certainly shown that, given a congenial subject, he can be no less happy in

delineating the charms of femininity than the powers of intellect. Mrs. "Anthony Hope," who is the daughter of a New York gentleman, was married to the novelist in 1903, and her portrait was painted by Mr. Collier about two years ago.

"The Countess of Clonmell" is the work of an artist who has made quite a career of the painting of lovely women. Lady Clonmell is one of the majority of the most beautiful women in London society during the past few years who have sat to Mr. Ellis Roberts, the list including in addition the Duchess of Leinster, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Dalkeith, and Lady Evelyn Mason. In contrast with this brilliant record Mr. Roberts's artistic beginnings were of the humblest. He was a painter on pottery at Minton's Staffordshire works until the winning of a scholarship of thirty pounds a year enabled him, with rigid economy, to obtain two years' training at South Kensington. At South Kensington he was fortunate enough to secure a travelling studentship—and his talents did the rest.

Mr. Ellis Roberts painted Lady Clonmell only a few months ago. But it is safe to say that ten years hence it will look as fresh and "up-to-date" as it does to-day. At any rate, this much is true of ladies' portraits which came from his easel ten years ago. The secret is in Mr. Roberts's care as to the dress worn by his subjects. He induces them, if possible, to give him *carte blanche*, and having *carte blanche* he is careful to exclude from the costume any distinctive feature which would serve in the course of a short time to put a date to the picture. A lady may feel inclined at first to rebel against such a decree; she would prefer to be arrayed in all the latest fashion. But when it is tactfully explained to her what the consequences may be she gladly yields the point, the more readily if she is at all sensitive to the lapse of time—and what woman is not? The devising of an attractive dress with these limitations may be full of difficulties, but in Lady Clonmell's case, as in others, Mr. Ellis Roberts, with the co-operation doubtless of his fair sitters, has most successfully overcome them. Mr. Roberts's artistic gifts are beyond all question. But it is possible that the high favour in which he is held by the ladies may be partly attributed to his circumspection in this matter of clothes, in contrast as it is with the glaring indiscretion shown by some of the most distinguished artists.



Art Favourites at Home and Abroad.

THE shyness of the deer has passed into a proverb, and it was with much daring of idea, therefore, that the late Mr. E. Waller painted "Uninvited Guests." But this artist knew these graceful creatures as few men can know them. In patiently sketching their picturesque capers and delightful poses Mr. Waller often experienced their shyness to the vexation of his artistic purpose; but, on the other hand, he learned to know also how, with an untiring and tactful cultivation of their friendship, this shyness can be overcome and their confidence gained, as it has evidently been gained by the young lady in his picture. The two deer, with a fawn, have apparently followed her from the park into the hall of one of those old ancestral mansions that Mr. Waller delighted to paint, whilst a fourth is fearlessly entering at the door. Most of Mr. Waller's subjects, which engraving has made so familiar to us, are of the eighteenth century, but the costume of the young lady, whose grace of figure rivals that of her uninvited guests, shows that this picture is of the date—1878—at which it was painted. The artist was then a young man of twenty-eight, and its purchase from the walls of the Royal Academy did credit to the discerning taste of its present owner, Mr. W. Y. Baker, who probably foresaw the reputation which Mr. Waller achieved with such works as "The Day of Reckoning" and "The Runaway Match" before his comparatively early death two or three years ago.

"Charity," which bears the date 1870, was one of the earliest works of Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., the famous animal painter. The picture illustrates a theme—the pathos of animal in association with that of human life—with which Mr. Rivière's art has more than once made powerful appeal to our sym-

pathies. A ragged outcast, seated on the doorstep of a church, is sharing her last crust with two starving dogs such as were commonly seen in the streets of London thirty years ago. The black lurcher is licking the crumbs off the girl's hand, his eyes eloquent with gratitude, whilst the white fox-terrier has his paws on her knee, eagerly awaiting his mouthful. There is snow on the ground, suggestive of Christmas-time; and on the wall of the church, in significant comment on the scene, will be perceived the notice of a sermon in aid of some charity.

The picture was painted under some difficulties, Mr. Rivière recalls, owing to his living in the country—in a rural part of Kent, we believe—at the time. In a land of such plenty, for the canine species it was almost impossible to find two dogs lean enough to pose for the picture, and the beggar girl had to be painted from the robust little daughter of a yeoman farmer. In London, to which the artist shortly afterwards removed, there would have been little trouble, unfortunately, in finding models for all three figures that could have been reproduced from the life. In working at "Charity" Mr. Rivière, who was then about thirty, had the advantage of encouragement and advice from Millais and Pettie, two artists in the heyday of brilliant careers to whom he was a promising beginner. The picture was duly accepted for the Academy, where it was purchased by Sir Coutts Lindsay, from whose hands it passed into those of Lord and Lady Wantage, and now hangs in the gallery at Loxkinge, Wantage, Berkshire.

It is not too much to say, as M. Renan said when he first beheld Heinrich Hofmann's "Gethsemane," "This is by far the finest realization of the poetical concept of Jesus I have ever seen, or perhaps ever will be wrought

ART FAVOURITES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

by the hand of man. I greatly admired M. Munkacsy's 'Christ Before Pilate,' but in strength and vividness that picture is not comparable to this, or in the appeal it makes to the sympathies." Similar encomiums have been expressed by many of the leading men on the Continent, and it is known that "Gethsemane" is one of the favourite pictures of the German Emperor, who has two copies of it framed in the Royal palaces. Never, perhaps, was painted a more striking representation of the Saviour's agony — of that moving scene in the garden where He "went forward a little and fell on the ground,

of Jerusalem silhouetted against the lightening horizon. "Gethsemane" is one of the finest examples of the modern school of religious painting.

The chief interest which attaches to M. Gervex's "Winter," which shows us the head of a charming girl, appalled in furs, with a background of falling snow flakes, is the singular fate which overtook the model, a Mlle. Lafontaine. This young lady was not a professional model, but had sat, nevertheless, to some of the most eminent French painters, and had previously impersonated "Summer" for this same artist. When she



UNINVITED GUESTS."

By S. E. WALTER

(By permission of W. V. Baker, Esq.)

and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him." It has been stated that the artist's treatment of the subject was the result of a dream, in which everything appeared to him as he afterwards put it on canvas. For some weeks he had been perplexed just as to what pose his central figure should assume, and he had made numerous studies which were cast aside as unworthy. It is hardly necessary to say that, striking as the man's features were who sat as model, they have become transfigured and glorified in the hands of the master. We see in the dim obscurity of the background a group of the disciples and the outlines

was asked to pose for a companion picture, "Winter," Mlle. Lafontaine, greatly to the painter's surprise, expressed the deepest reluctance, saying that she dreaded winter, that her mother had died of exposure in a snowstorm, and that she would only be tempting fate. The painter laughed and explained that the sitting for "Winter" would only involve a posing for the head in furs, chiefly in his studio, with only one or two outdoor sittings to get the effect of snow-clad trees and the falling flakes, and that there would be no exposure at all. Whereupon the sitter explained that she had a curious superstition on the subject; that Mlle. Granier, who had

sat to the painter Brissot for that artist's "Winter," had actually caught a chill and died ten days afterwards of pneumonia. Mlle. Lafontaine ultimately was coaxed out of her fears, and, yielding to the painter's entreaties, gave him twelve sittings for the picture. But so strong was the force of suggestion that towards the end she invariably complained of feeling cold, despite the fact that the studio was very warm and the weather outside not cold even for December.

analogous cases in the annals of modern painting, as witness the youth of honourable antecedents who sat to Frederick Walker as a burglar, and a few weeks later was actually arrested in the act of burglary; or the model who sat for the executioner of Charles I., whose fancied crime, we are told, afterwards drove him to the madhouse.

Few scenes are said to appeal more to the Englishman than those connected with the racecourse and the hunting-field. Of these,



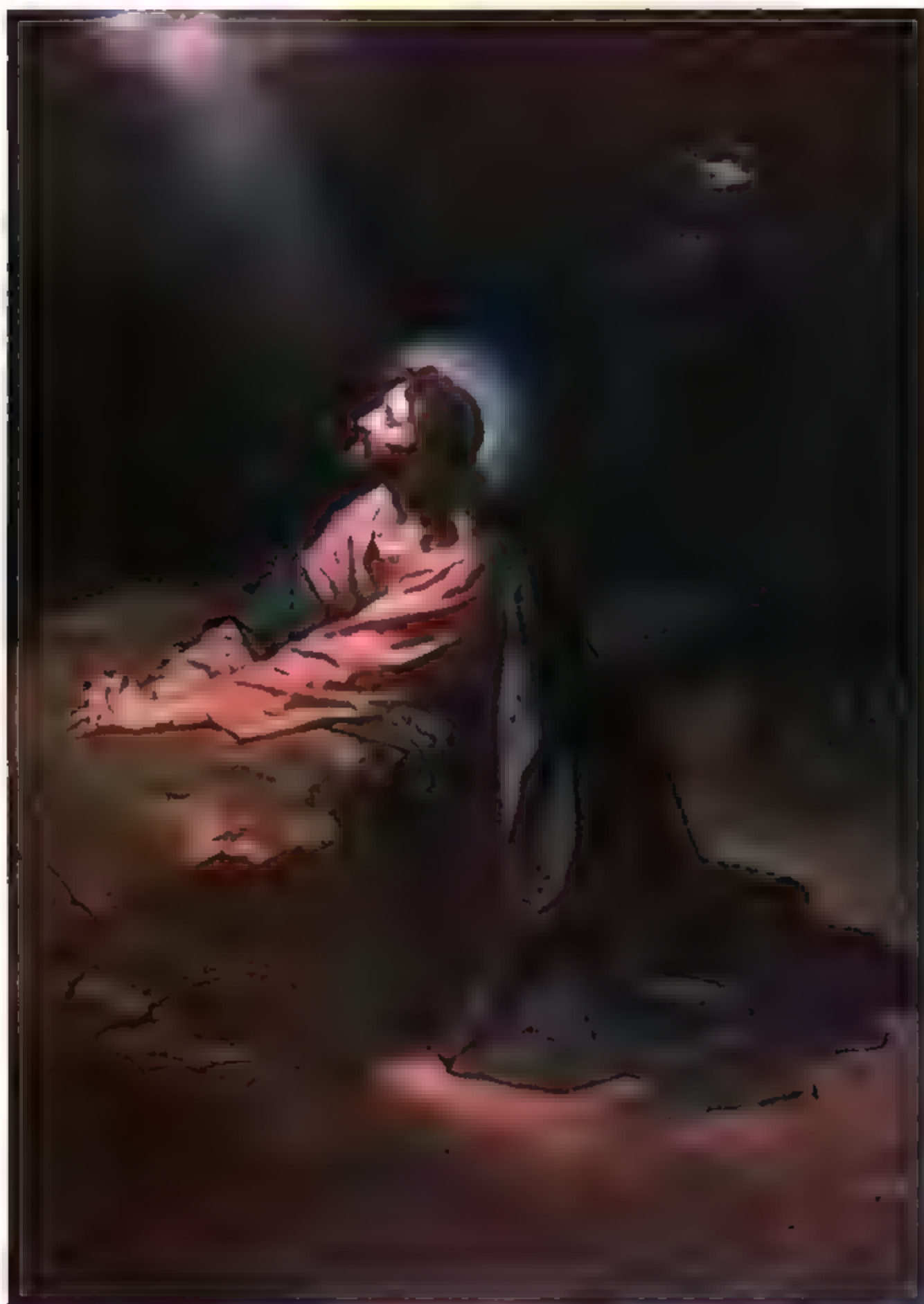
CHARITY
(By permission of Lady Wansage, 4

By BRITTON RIVIERE, R.A.
(By Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, publishers of the photogravure.)

When M. Gervex laughingly called her "Mademoiselle L'Hiver" (Miss Winter) she threw up her hands and implored him not to call her so. Some time afterwards, when the famous Dr. Charcot's attention was drawn to the case, he stated that it was purely one of suggestion, which had acted on the nerves and actually induced physical disorder. At any rate, the young lady continued to complain of cold, took to her bed, and, a fortnight after the final sitting for this picture of "Winter," died of pneumonia. The story was taken up by the Paris newspapers and the scientific reviews, with the result that, for a time, this picture had a great popularity. It remains to be added that there have been

none offers more thrilling excitement than a well ridden steeplechase. In Mr Blinks's picture the competitors are seen in full motion. It is the most critical moment of the race. Much has been staked on the favourite, when, lo! just as he has cleared the hedge and his rider thinks he is safely over the creek, his hind legs slip on the treacherous margin and he is down. That is the cry which springs from a thousand throats—"He is down! The favourite is down!" From that catastrophe he can never recover. Before he can regain his legs several of his rivals have passed him and the race is won and lost.

It is not often we get such a vivid and



"GETHSEMANE."

By HEINRICH HOFMANN

(By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London and New York.)

unconventional glimpse of fairy-land as M. Latouche affords in his tableau, "The Fairies' Garden."

"The fairy in my picture," writes M. Latouche, "is descending into her enchanted garden, filled with flowers. She seats herself by the side of the basin and at the foot of the statue, and having culled cherries as a kind of amulets for her ears, she calls the genius of the wood (the faun or satyr), with his melodious flute, who, inspired, cele-



brates the joy of Nature and the love of flowers. At the same time the little sprites hidden in the grass surge forth, dancing their joyous round, while the pet monkey sports with the drops of water in the basin."

As may be guessed, it proved no simple matter for the artist to group his figures and give them the poetry of motion, not to mention the task of enduing each with a distinctive character of her own, and yet one properly belonging to the

WINTER
(By permission of A. Le Vasseur & Co., Paris, Owners of the Copyright.)

By H. GERVEX



A STEEPCHASE THE WATER.

By THOMAS HINKS

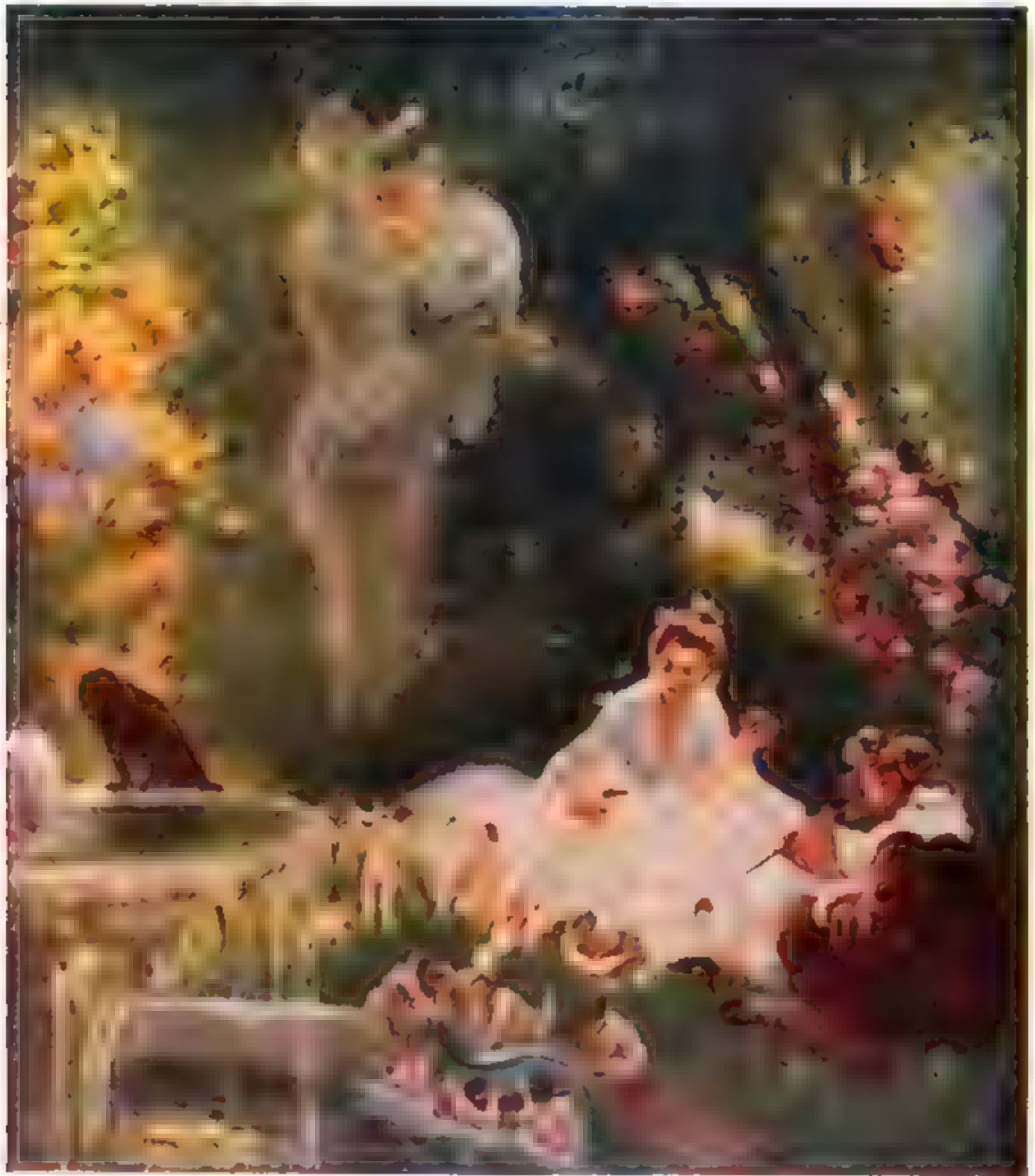
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ART FAVOURITES AT HOME AND ABROAD

denizens of fairyland. It will be noticed that M. Latouche has successfully resisted the temptation to bestow wings on his fairies, and this naturally led to some perhaps captious criticism when the picture was first

Tradition have clothed the heroes and heroines of mythology. Thus Diana is painted without her bow, Mercury without his helmet and sandals, and Venus without her beauty. Wingless angels being



"THE FAIRIES GARDEN"

(By permission of Goupil & Co. Bedford Street, Strand London Owners of the Copyright)

By G. LATOUCHE

exhibited. "We have noted a tendency," wrote one critic, "in the painters of the younger generation who undertake classical or fanciful subjects to aim at originality by abandoning all the traditional attributes and accessories with which Poetry and

now the rule, it only remained for M. Latouche to clip the wings from his fairies and make them move about by an invisible agency perhaps psychic force." To this the artist might have replied in the spirit of one far greater who was severely taken to task for

bestowing six toes on one of his angels. "Who ever," cried his critic, "saw an angel with six toes?" "Who," replied the painter, "ever saw one with less?"

On no picture of recent years has deep emotion been better painted than Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., has painted it in "The Confession." The relationship between the man and the woman is left vague—it is Mr. Dicksee's way in some of his subject pictures to be a little enigmatical—although the probabilities would strongly point to that of

her revelation has given rise in his heart and soul. The sternly set features and the swollen veins on the uplifted hand would seem to indicate an anger which he is restraining with difficulty, and she evidently fears the worst. The man, it may be noted, is wearing a black Inverness travelling cape, such as were fashionable a few years ago, suggesting that he has just returned from a journey, a long and arduous journey, to be met on his arrival home by the shock of this confession.



THE CONFESSION

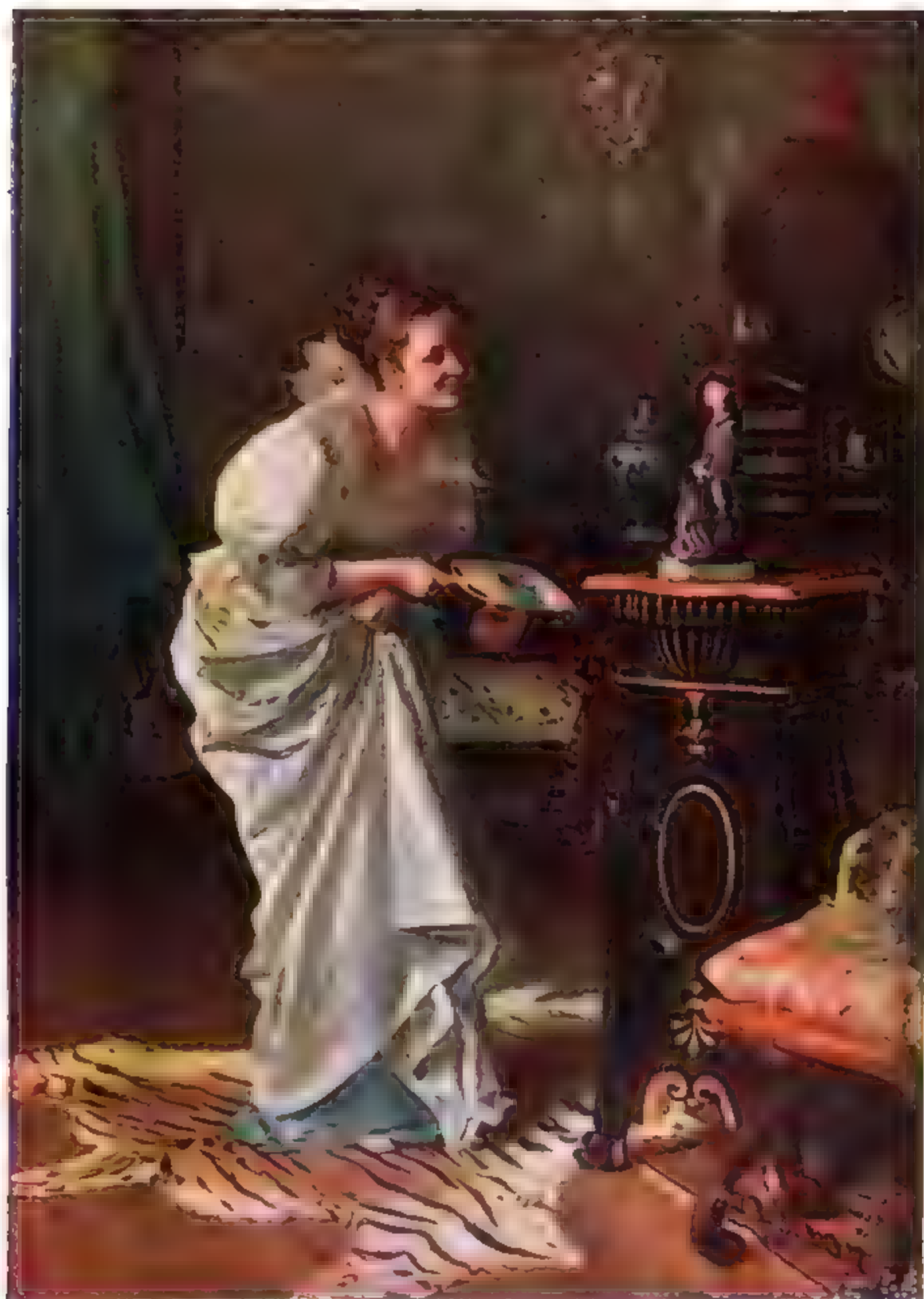
(By permission of Lady Wantage.)

By FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

husband. But there can be no mistaking the terrible nature of the confession which the woman is making to the man. Her fair young face is wan with suffering, her slender figure, clad in a loose, flowing white robe, is bent forward from the arm chair in which she is seated, and the outstretched hands are fast entwined, the whole attitude vividly expressing remorse, suspense, nervous excitement. The early evening light falls upon the stricken figure from the curtained window, but the man is sitting with his back to it, and she can divine little from the darkened face, partly hidden by the hand upon which it rests, as to the poignant emotion to which

"The Confession" was Mr. Dicksee's chief contribution to the Royal Academy in 1896, when it was at once bought by Lord Wantage for his collection at Lockinge. In 1900 it won a silver medal at the Paris Exhibition.

In the next picture—"Paying Her Respects to His High Mightiness," by Tito Conti, and now in the galleries of the Royal Holloway College—we are introduced to a seventeenth century interior—at the period when Mazarin was all powerful in France. Michelet tells us that Anne of Austria was surrounded by a thousand priceless gifts which her admirers and satellites had sent to her from every corner of the earth, and that



"PAYING HER RESPECTS TO HIS HIGH MIGHTINESS."

By TITO CONTI

(By permission of the Governors of the Royal Academy)



"PAPILLON."

By C. DE LORT

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"THE ROMAN DANCE."

By C. SACCAGGI

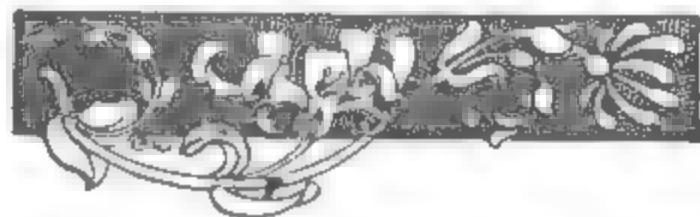
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her boudoir betrayed not only her own passion for objects of art, but also that of the Cardinal. Amongst these gifts was a coloured china statuette of that then almost fabulous personage, the ruler of far Cathay—at least, it was probably so represented although we may doubt if it were more than a likeness of one of his mandarins. It is a charming idea—that the lady who owed allegiance to no earthly potentate, whose smiles and favours were besought by the most illustrious on the globe, should be confronted by this pompous little effigy as she emerged from her bedchamber of a morning, and should graciously make obeisance to the only person who rigidly withheld his smile and his approval! True, the conceit is not novel, for other monarchs have even prostrated themselves before their household pets; and did not Louis XIII. once profess to take his commands from a favourite poodle?

The vagaries and escapades of Marie Antoinette in the young days of her queenhood have furnished the theme of many pens. Once she hailed a fiacre in the streets of Paris, unguardedly revealing herself by her remark to her escort, amidst peals of laughter, "Fancy my driving about in a fiacre!" She was not afraid to shock the courtiers by playing ball, or battledore and shuttlecock. She gave out-of-door parties and children's dances, to which all the inhabitants of Versailles who presented themselves in decent apparel were admitted. She would even open the dance herself with some well-conducted youth, and afterwards stroll among the crowd talking affably to all the company. There were some who, startled at the unwonted sight of a Sovereign so treating her subjects as fellow-creatures, confessed a fear that such familiarity was not without its dangers. When at Choisy she gave water-parties on the river in boats with awnings, which she called gondolias, rowing down as far as the very entrance to Paris. She developed a passion for donkeys, and actually rode about on these

animals. Later she became addicted to horse-racing and gaming. She long continued eager in the pursuit of amusement and novelty. Her craving for excitement led her to attend masquerades and to make other somewhat undignified appearances in public. On one occasion, driving in her carriage near Versailles, a peasant child, playing on the road, ran in front of the horses. The carriage was stopped and the child taken up. Little Jacques screamed lustily, kicking the Queen and her ladies with all his might and resisting all attempts to pacify him. Naturally the decorum of the palace, when the Queen came in holding the peasant boy by the hand, roaring out that he wanted his grandmother and his brothers and sisters, was considerably disturbed. Nevertheless, the Queen resolved to adopt the urchin, decked him out in silk and lace, and re-christened him Armand. No wonder that in her youth Marie Antoinette well earned among the wondering Parisians the sobriquet of "Papillon"—the Butterfly—the title given by C. de Lort to his picture reproduced on the preceding page.

Each country, each clime, each age has its own terpsichorean delights, and a whole world of taste separates the dignified gyrations of the Greek maiden from the dance of the nautch girl or the motions of the bolero, cachuca, or, let us add, those of the *première danseuse* of the modern ballet. "The Roman Dance," by the Italian painter Signor Saccaggi, reveals to us a bevy of Roman girls whose figures undulate gracefully to the soft melody of a pipe. As they sway hither and thither in the marble court or balcony, their left hands entwined, with their right they scatter roses and pæonies. In the distance looms up through the twilight the dome of the Capitol. It is a scene of youth and gaiety, of beauty of form and movement and voluptuous delight, which we fear, alas! is to-day only to be seen across the footlights of the mimic world, and no longer a familiar spectacle even in Rome or the cities of the South.





By The Hon. Mrs. FITZROY STEWART.



USKIN once said, "Wherever men are noble they love bright colours." The words of such a master carry weight, but there seems a spice of the reckless in his assertion. Everyone

knows that savages are famous for their love of crude and vivid colouring; a negress adores scarlet, and glaring tints are the joy of the South Sea Islander. On the other hand, there is no doubt that all women who make history love colour and clothe themselves brilliantly. Cleopatra had a passionate craze for colour, and at fifty years old made a slave of Mark Antony. Diane de Poitiers was devoted to yellow, and wore it constantly; Madame de Pompadour invented the happy blending of pale blue and pale pink, such as is shown, adapted to a modern costume, in the first of the accompanying coloured illustrations; Marie Antoinette was responsible for the dainty mixture of palest pinks and yellows; and the ill-starred Empress Josephine favoured black and white and bright green—a most effective combination. And, to come down to modern times, the late Queen Draga of Serbia had the cult of colour, and used it to striking advantage. Also some of our cleverest actresses, such as Sarah Bernhardt, Réjane, and Mrs. Brown Potter, know the science of colour, and employ it with much audacity.

Colour idealizes, arrests, determines; it has power for good and ill; it affects not only a woman's looks, but also her health and character. And there is no study of deeper interest.

It must be admitted that, as a nation, we are not good colourists. But the cult of colour appeals to the educated classes, and some of the best *faiseurs* of the day give proof that they have studied the art to perfection. One of our cleverest designers says that she goes straight to Nature for her colourings;

and certain it is that she can have no better instructor. Fruit, flowers, even trees and grasses, teach us much, and a feast of tints is to be found on the wings of butterflies. This dressmaker declares that she often walks in Hyde Park to look at the flowers and foliage, or makes her way to South Kensington to study the butterflies in Lord Walsingham's collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. What green can be lovelier than that of a larch tree? What pale blue can be more perfect than the blue of the plumbago plant or of the La Peyrouse hyacinth? Then no shade of cream can be more delicate than that of the freesia; the mixture of pale pinks and yellows is taught us by the tea rose; a forget-me-not shows the blending of blue and mauve; a peacock's outspread tail proves the power of blues and greens; and red and black never look better than in the wings of a Red Admiral butterfly.

We will now take some of the best known shades and see how they should be used in matters of costume.

White is the symbol of innocence, and its use at births, deaths, and weddings has been sanctified by tradition. But the wearing of white in everyday life needs much circumspection. The broad rule is that it suits the very young and the very old, but, all the same, it often proves unbecoming to the average *débütante*. In order to wear white with success a woman must be fair and slim, and—but this is rare—own the type of a cold, refined loveliness—a type represented in the second of the following illustrations. However, tastes differ, and the late Mr. Gladstone was once heard to declare that every woman, no matter what age, always looked her best in white satin. Royal ladies who have passed their first youth are often to be seen in white or cream colour. An example of this fancy is afforded by Queen Margherita of Italy; but the story of her series of white gowns given by the late King is too old to bear

repetition. The Dowager-Empress of Russia and our own Queen Alexandra often wear white gowns on the occasion of Court ceremonials. And there are several society women who, with their white hair and still handsome faces, prefer to appear dressed in pure white, either in lace, satin, or velvet.

Black seems evil, and with some people produces melancholy. But all the same it has its uses, and is in high favour with smart Parisiennes. Now, there are certain mistakes that seem rooted in the minds of everyday Englishwomen. One of these is that only fair people ought to wear black. In real fact a dark woman is often at her best in black, and a brunette with a bright complexion will look magnificent. But a black gown to be successful must be in many blacks; it must have lace or jet, and lights and shades should be introduced. It takes a woman with brains to dress well in white or in black.

Yellow is a splendid shade, and one that is both subtle and mysterious. The Burmese—a race that is most cunning in psychic matters—make a deep study of its varying effects, and use it in all their garments of ceremony. But, with us, yellow has been for many years greatly and most unjustly despised. It is one of the finest of colours, with many exquisite shades, and only when too pure is it unmanageable. The cold, pale primrose, that shines like a light in the hedgerows, may be massed about a young face with impunity. Apricot is beautiful for some people, and ambers of all shades are exceedingly good and becoming. A fair woman looks well in pale yellow and brown, the effect being well shown in the third of the following illustrations; and deep orange suits a brunette. A dull tawny shade, once called "buff," is also most becoming. Yellow was a favourite colour with most of the old masters. Paul Veronese had a penchant for a certain yellow shot with pink, a tint that is extremely beautiful. Rubens often put in a mass of deep yellow in a garment or curtain with striking effect; and Van Dyck seemed to fancy a rich shade, almost the colour of ale, which blends in a kindly way with everything. In fact, yellow is the "sun colour," is most lucky, and suits almost everyone.

Red is a glorious colour; it gives hope, courage, and confidence. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have revelled in the duller reds. In two of his pictures, "The Fortune Tellers" and "The Angerstein Children," telling touches of this rich, refined red appear both in dresses and backgrounds. But these

shades are vastly different from the scarlet of a soldier's coat, from the red cloth frocks exploited by certain dressmakers, or even from the Royal crimson that was done to death in 1902. And the clever dresser fears these sultry tints, as the delicate rose in a woman's face is only too easy to extinguish. But a rich, dull shade makes for success; such, for example, as Indian red, or the deep red that is seen in the historic cloak of Little Red Riding Hood. The richness of colour thus obtainable is strikingly shown in the last of our illustrations. Spanish women have made a bright red rose in the hair an undying fashion, but the effect is usually softened by their graceful mantillas. Deep, heavy reds were much used in draperies by the old Italian masters, especially by Titian.

Blue has always been a favourite colour with nations past and present. It seems difficult to account for its popularity. It is neither as stately as yellow, as vivid as red, nor as soft as grey, green, or violet. Perhaps it is because there is not much real blue in Nature. There are not many blue birds or fishes, insects, or minerals; and in animals and in the human race there may be said to be no blue at all. For instance, real blue eyes are rare, and the "blue vein" which poets love is more than rather visionary. Blue flowers are by no means common, although amongst them can be found such precious blooms as the gentian, the harebell, the pale blue scabious, some hyacinths, campanulas, delphiniums, and forget-me-nots. Blue has always been in high favour with spiritualists; and it is needless to point out that Fra Angelico's delicate blues—singularly pure and transparent—are all associated with an intensely spiritual atmosphere. And Gainsborough had a great liking for this charming shade of colour. Blue appears in many of his best pictures; notably in the famous "Blue Boy" at Grosvenor House, in his portrait of Mrs. Siddons, now at the National Gallery, and also in his world-renowned picture of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire. But the blues employed by this master-hand were utterly unlike our modern ultramarine, whether that vivid hue appears as bright cornflower or as Royal or Alexandra blue. Turquoise-blue is a lovely shade, and when craftily used proves most becoming. A popular fallacy that should be knocked on the head at once is that blue—especially a pale tint—suits fair women only, and never brunettes. In real truth, a dark woman, with a pale olive skin, never looks



"A HAPPY BLENDING OF PALE BLUE AND PALE PINK."



* IN ORDER TO WEAR WHITE WITH SUCCESS A WOMAN MUST BE FAIR AND SLENDER



A FAIR WOMAN LOOKS WELL IN FAIR YELLOW AND BROWN



A RICH EFFECT PRODUCED BY A HARMONY OF SHADES OF RED

better than when dressed in pale blue, or with touches of turquoise-blue in a brown or black costume.

From blue to green is a natural transition. Green is the "Venus" colour, but many vague fancies work against its popularity. Dull sage-green reminds one of the æsthetic craze of the far-off eighties; and a bright shade of green is apt to be voted unbecoming. This is, however, a mistake, as it makes an effective colour-note, and is really one of the smartest shades in creation. A touch of emerald-green looks specially well with black and white, and who shall deny the merits of a big square emerald, or of a bit of bright green enamel? Green has been worn through the ages, and is often mentioned in medieval poems as a favourite colour in dress for both men and women. The beautiful Rosalind in "The Court of Love," attributed to Chaucer, is robed in a green gown, "light and summer-wise, shapen full well," and around her neck a string of rubies.

This may sound a crude mixture, but antique colours were pale as a rule, and rubies are far from being scarlet. A dull yellow-green and dark crimson may be most harmonious. Pale green is often pretty, and can be mixed with pale blue in a charming manner. The dress offered to Enid, "where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue played into green," was a happy thought of Tennyson's. A word to the wise: *One out of two colours should always be dull and not too pure*; that is a safe rule in colour combination. Romney had a great fancy for green; it appears in many of his pictures of Lady Hamilton, and also in a charming portrait, called "The Parson's Daughter," in the National Gallery.

Mauve is the colour of thought and refinement, and is the chosen shade of Queen Alexandra. She wears it both by day and evening, and has been painted in a mauve costume. And her liking for amethysts proves the same fancy, as an Oriental amethyst is a cross between mauve and purple.

Brown has an unmerited reputation for lacking smartness. It is a difficult colour to wear, and is at its best with red or auburn haired women. But it often looks well at night, either in tulle or mousseline, and a brown tulle ball-gown once made its mark when worn with yellow topazes.

Grey, like white, if it is to be successful, must be worn with due regard to its limitations. A Parisienne looks well in her Lenten tones of grey, and there is a type—a won-

drous type—that can wear grey and invest it with a wicked demureness which is at once attractive. But grey is ill-suited to London skies and to our national characteristics.

Students in the art of colour are well aware that the choice of tints depends much upon material. And the effect of colour on texture and of texture on colour is worth our careful consideration. For instance, many artists declare that white is at its best in soft woollen stuffs, or else in lace, tulle, chiffon, or crêpe de Chine. The correct treatment of black has been already mentioned. Red—always a difficult bright colour—should be shunned in opaque textures and chosen in those that are transparent. A red voile is good, a red crêpe better, and the shade becomes lovable in tulle, chiffon, or mousseline. Then pale blue is sweet in muslin, face cloth, or in taffetas (when shot with white), and also in gauze and chiffon, but should be rigidly avoided in silk, satin, tweed, or homespun. Purple, violet, and mauve are exacting shades, as they each demand the best materials. Violet cloth has a hard effect, and a mauve tweed is unspeakable. But violet velvet suits a queen, and a dress made of mauve crêpe de Chine may be a poem. Pink has possibilities, and in Paris is worn like a livery by brides on the occasion of their signing the marriage contract.

Green is said to be unlucky, but, then, so are opals and peacocks' feathers—two of the loveliest things in the universe. And green has charming varieties. The power of a bit of emerald-green has been already mentioned; and a fair woman will look her best in pale green crêpe or chiffon. And a green taffetas gown is also a happy creation.

An artist in colour will wear her jewels with an eye to colour and material. Sapphire-blue tulle makes a good background for diamonds. Rubies are at their best worn with grey chiffon, and pearls are perfect with reseda-green chiffon. Yellow topazes go with brown, and pale yellow chiffon makes a splendid set-off for amethysts. And once, at a Court ball, a grey chiffon frock with silver embroideries, and worn with a string of big black pearls, made the success of the evening.

Colour is a serious subject, and the shades chosen in dress should be suited not only to a woman's appearance, but also to her character and circumstances.

So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye;
Try every one, what best becomes you wear,
For no complexion all alike can bear.—OVID.



The New Colour-Photography.

By R. CHILD BAYLEY.

*Author of "The Complete Photographer,"
"Photography in Colours," "The Hand Camera," etc.*

With Illustrations Reproduced in Colours Direct from Nature.



HE inventor's ideal, ever since photography itself became an accomplished fact, has been to secure its pictures, not in the monotony of black and white, but as faithful to their originals

in colour as in outline. From time to time the attainment of this result has been announced ; so often, indeed, and so unreliably, that the public were inclined to adopt a very incredulous attitude when, last July, the announcement was made that colour-photography was actually accomplished.

Accomplished it was, however ; and there is now a process by which we can get a faithful picture in the camera, giving us the colours of Nature in a most startlingly truthful way. Moreover, it is essentially an amateur process. It calls for no great amount of skill, and takes no great time to work. The methods adopted are, in the main, those of ordinary photography, the principal difference being that instead of the ordinary dry-plate a new plate of a special character, called the "Autochrome" plate, is employed. The illustrations to this article are reproductions by the three-colour process, made direct from "Autochrome" originals.

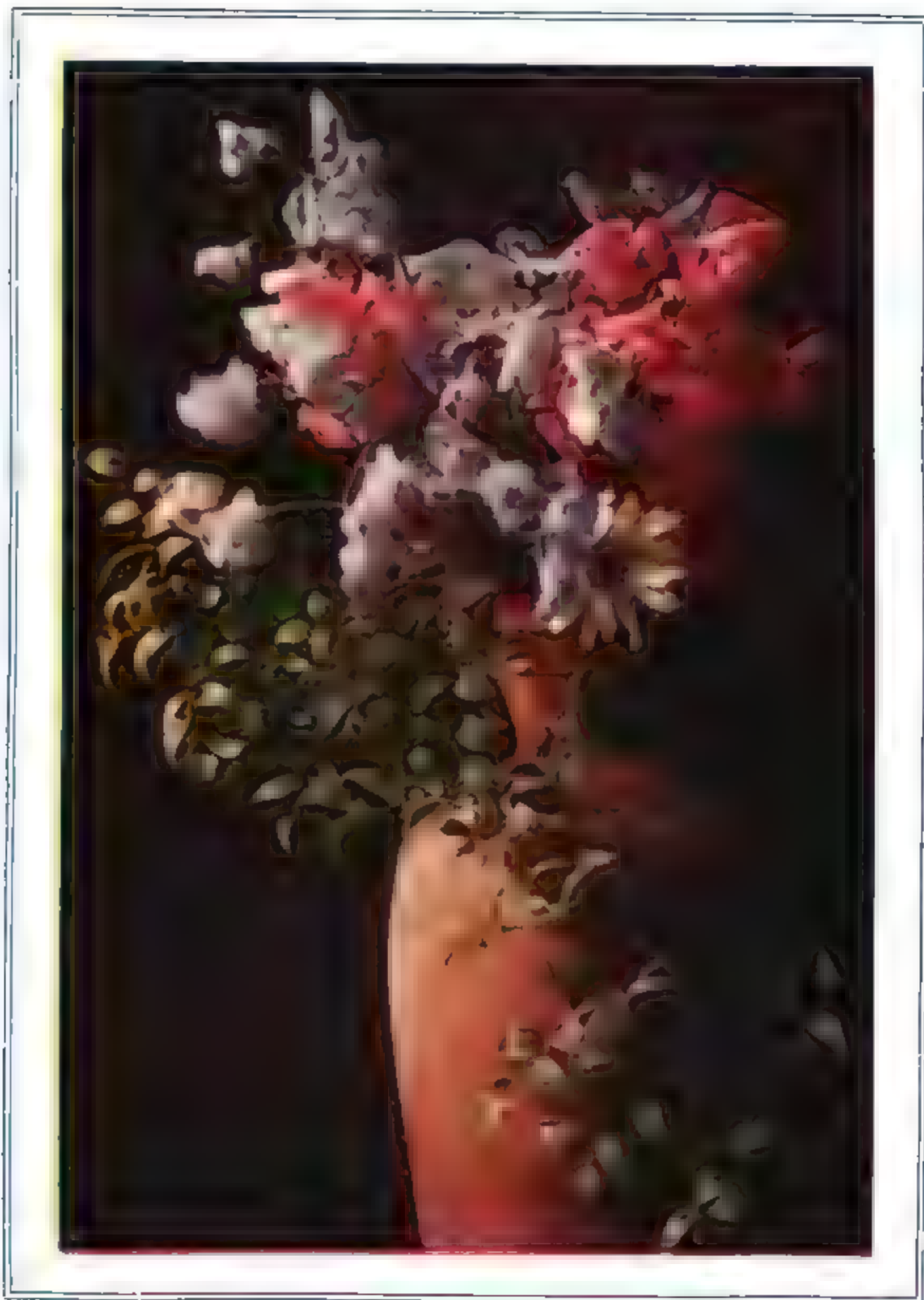
The way in which this has been done is quite a little scientific romance, the heroes being two brothers, Auguste and Louis, having the appropriate surname of Lumière (light). Many years ago their father founded a big business, of which he is still the head, at Lyons, for the manufacture of photographic plates and papers. The two sons, who take their part in this industry, received a thorough scientific training, and for ten or fifteen years have been known as keen photographic experimenters and inventors. Many products which the photographer uses he owes

to the Lumière Brothers ; but the problem of colour-photography always seemed to enjoy the first place in their minds. They were not the only inventors at work on that problem, by any means ; but as each step seemed to be taken towards success the Lumières took it up, examined it, worked at it, and improved it.

For although the announcement came at last with dramatic suddenness, the photograph in colours was no more the creation of a single brain than was the steam-engine or the motor-car. 'An Englishman, Clerk Maxwell, a famous Cambridge professor in his time, and a Frenchman, Ducos du Hauron, were the first to point out how the problem might be solved ; while a German, Vogel, took the first great step towards its solution by the discovery of "orthochromatism."

Everyone knows that the "dark-room" of the photographer is lit by red light. The reason is that the plates used by the photographer are not sensitive to red light, although they are sensitive to other colours. If a plate is not sensitive to red light, it cannot be used to photograph a red object. If the object is a very pure red, we all know that it photographs black. Vogel discovered how to make a plate sensitive to red light, and so made colour-photography possible. This process is known as orthochromatizing the plate, and is extensively used for photographing pictures, flowers, and so forth ; although for ordinary photography the non-orthochromatic plate is still preferred, because it allows a red light in the dark-room. With a perfectly orthochromatized plate no light whatever can be allowed in the dark-room, and all the operations usually done by the red light have to be done in darkness. This is the case with the "Autochrome" plate, for example,

THE NEW COLOUR-PHOTOGRAPHY



FLOWERS

A colour photograph taken direct from Nature

which is generally developed in complete darkness.

The method of colour photography which Clerk Maxwell and du Hauron suggested is based on a peculiarity of our eyes—the means by which we perceive colours at all. The theory is that in our eyes part of the mechanism is in triplicate. There are three distinct sets of perceiving apparatus, one of which “sees” red, one green, and one blue-violet. All the seeing is done by these three sets of nerves, or whatever they are. If it is a yellow object at which we are looking, we see it through the combined action of two of

there, because the red mechanism where the red spot fell on it is in that same place, for the moment, too tired to “see” the ceiling, and only the other two are acting. As the red-seeing apparatus gradually regains its power the spot on the ceiling fades away.

As the three sets of mechanism do all our seeing, it follows that all the many shades of colour we can distinguish are perceived by means of the excitement in different proportion of those three sets of nerves. White is the colour which results from all three being stimulated in suitable proportion; black is mere negation, none of them being stimulated.



FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

A colour-photograph of a still-life subject.

the mechanisms, that which responds to red and that which responds to green; when both these are excited we call the colour seen “yellow.”

A well known advertisement takes advantage of this fact very ingeniously. If we look quite steadily for a little time at a bright red spot we tire the nerves which respond to red on that part of the eye where the image of the red spot is formed, but we do not tire the arrangements for seeing green and blue-violet, since those colours are not present in the red. If we then turn the eyes towards the blank ceiling we see a bluish green spot

Yellow we have seen to result from red and green, blue results from blue-violet and green, orange from red and green with more red than in the case of yellow, purple from blue-violet and red, and so on. Clerk Maxwell's suggestion was that if we could secure photographs recording how every colour was seen by one set of mechanism only, a set of three such photographs for the three mechanisms, if printed in suitable colours, would reproduce to the eye all the colours of the original. It does not matter how many shades of red there may be, for example. If we get the right shade of red,

THE NEW COLOUR- PHOTOGRAPHY.



A FARMYARD.

How the new colour-process reproduces a landscape.



AN OLD GARDEN.

Another specimen of the results of the new invention.



A PORTRAIT—By HERBERT KOESTER.
A colour - photograph taken direct from Nature.

of green, and of blue-violet to start with, we can make that one red reproduce all the others merely by adding to it a little of the right green, or of the right blue-violet itself.

All very well on paper, but how to select the right colours to start with, and how to get them so that the eyes can see all three pictures at once? These are the lines on which inventors have been at work; and their results have been the various three-colour processes, as they are called. The final outcome is the "Autochrome" process, which is really a triple process, although in the ordinary way its triple character is not realized.

If we put on paper a number of fine dots as evenly as we can, and then look at them from a sufficient distance for the dots no longer to appear separate, the effect is an even tone or tint. If some of the dots are of one colour and some of another, both will intermix; the tint is no longer that of one or other of the colours used, but is a compound of the two. If we could scatter over a sheet of glass tiny dots of red, of green, and of blue-violet, in proper proportions, so that they completely covered it, but so that no one dot overlapped the other; and if the dots were small enough and the colours were correct and in proper proportion, the glass would not look violet, or green, or red, but white or greyish. At least, it would have no colour. It was well known several years ago that anyone who could do that had taken the greatest step of all towards colour-photography, because all that had to be done was to cover that layer with a photographic compound, such as we have in ordinary plates, and we get a photograph in colours straight-away. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, realized this, and tried to do it. The first practical commercial outcome was the Lumière Autochrome plate.

The method adopted was surprisingly ingenious, and involved the use of no more out-of-the-way chemical than potato starch. We are all familiar with starch as composed of lumps which easily break up into fine powder. It is obtained from many sources, mostly grain such as rice or wheat, and tubers such as potato.

If we put a little powdered starch under the microscope we find that, if it has all come from a similar source, each little grain is of the same shape; and, as these shapes are characteristic, we can tell at once from what particular vegetable the sample of starch at which we are looking was derived. Moreover, it is a comparatively easy matter to

get the grains all of a size. Potato starch grains are approximately circular; and the particular starch used in the process has grains of such a size that two thousand of them in a row just measure one inch. That is to say, four millions of such grains would just cover a square inch.

If anyone were asked how to cover a square inch of glass with four millions of these tiny granules so that no one granule overlapped another, and then to fill in the interspaces between all these granules so that no light whatever could get through the glass unless it went through a granule, he might be excused for regarding it as wildly impossible.

Accordingly, three years ago, when Messrs. Lumière's patent for colour-photography in this manner was published, it was regarded, to use the words of a great English authority on the subject, as "of no practical value." "Practical value," however, is exactly what it has shown itself to possess.

The starch is divided into three lots, which are dyed red, green, and blue-violet respectively, with dyes selected with great care and with all sorts of scientific requirements, so as to correspond to the three colour-sensations of the human eye. These three brightly-coloured powders are thoroughly mixed together, in such proportions that the mixture no longer has any distinctive colour itself at all, but is merely a grey. Glass is taken and coated with a fine layer of some sticky substance, and is dusted over with the powder, which sticks to the glass. The surface is then brushed over so that all the powder is removed except what adheres. This prevents overlapping; since if one of the little particles is lying, not immediately on the adhesive, but on another particle, it does not stick, and so is removed by the brush. In this way a layer, one particle deep, is obtained. The layer is then rolled under great pressure. This crushes the particles flat, and so presses them that they fill up the interstices completely. The plate is given a protective varnish, so as to prevent the photographic solutions from reaching the dyed starch, and in this condition is ready to receive its sensitive coating. So the problem was solved in a comparatively simple manner after all.

Such plates, when used in the camera and treated in a proper way, do not give us a negative on glass, but a positive picture, reproducing most faithfully the most complex colours. There is none of the harshness or crudity of the three colours which are used

as a basis. Practically, these are never seen by themselves. No red likely to be met with is composed simply of the red particles, no green simply of the green, and no violet simply of the violet. In the greenest green in Nature there is a trace of blue-violet and of red, and all three sets of particles are used in compounding every colour that is reproduced.

The drawbacks of the process are two-fold. There is no way at present known of transferring these wonderful pictures to paper, as ordinary photographs are printed from the negative. To reproduce them on paper they have to be printed in a printing-press, after the manner of the illustrations to the present article. They are on glass, and must be held up to the light for the colours to be seen at all. The other is that the process is a slow one. In the poor light of a December day the portrait by Mr. Herbert Koester, of Camden Road, for example, which is reproduced in these pages, required no less than four minutes. This case is quite exceptional, however, and the writer has secured portraits in five seconds and landscapes in half a second. So that there is nothing in the exposure which is likely to hold back the process.

The idea that colour-photography, whether on glass or on paper, is going to affect the painter is one that will not bear examination for a moment. Except that it will tend to abolish conventional colour, just as ordinary photography has abolished conventional outline; and except in its influence upon the artistic education of the great public, and to

a less extent of the painter himself, it is not likely to influence painting. Photography has well-defined limitations as an art; and the impossibility of reproducing colour has hitherto been one of them—but only one. What it will do is what, in the works of THE STRAND MAGAZINE itself, it has already begun to do. It will help in the reproduction of the works of the great painters; it will make such reproductions more faithful and more easy to produce. The painter will not part with a favourite picture until he has secured a photograph of it in colour, and part of his educational material will undoubtedly be a set of such photographs of the world's masterpieces.

Already the new plate has been pressed into service. Doctors are using it to record diseases, microscopists to depict what their instrument reveals to them, metallurgists to register the condition of metals. For portraits, its results have a degree of life-likeness which no monochrome has ever presented; while in landscape work it will doubtless be widely used. Whether the picture on paper is near accomplishment or not, the new plate takes us a long step towards it, and the air is full of the rumours of rival plates, though these, so far, have not materialized upon the market. That they will come very soon is inevitable. Already it is clear that photography, since the advent of the Autochrome, has put on a new aspect; and, if the professional photographer regards it unmoved, the amateur recognises that his hobby has suddenly undergone an immense widening in its extent.

